

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

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AN IMPARTIAL DISCUSSION OF THE PROPRIETY OF
EMBRACING THE SO-CALLED REFORMATION.

THE voice of ancient prophecy, the most solemn pledges of divine truth, and even the most striking imagery of holy Scripture, induce the persuasion that religion, pure, holy, undefiled; gospel truth; Christianity; form an organism entitled the Church of Jesus Christ. This institution is necessarily and essentially immortal; accordingly it has every element fitted for the conservation and perpetuation of its life; and it is gifted with suitable means of protection against the corrosion of time, and the vicissitudes of mere material being. In a rigid examination of the details of its constitution, we must discover the guarantees for its immutability and perpetuity, in the providence of its Founder, as well as in the wisdom of its government. If the goodness and power of Heaven have been conspicuous in its foundation, the same influence cannot be less manifest in its preservation. To the

same interference which caused the downfall of idolatry, and established Christianity, we trace the unique endurance of the Church amidst all the revolutions of this changing world. That which has been erected by a Divine Architect bears, in every age, the peculiar distinctions with which it has been adorned. In all the revelations of religion we behold a series of human embassies, proclaiming the designs of the Almighty, and especially commissioned to indicate the advent and the presence of the Redeemer. This splendid train of ambassadors was worthy of the grandeur and sanctity of Him by whom they were succeeded. Jesus Christ closed the series of divine communications, a fact thus stated by St. Paul: "*God, who at sundry times and divers ways spoke in times past to the fathers by the Prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son.*" A belief that He

brought all things to perfection, as he solemnly declares, involves the conviction that religion, which is an utterance of the Divine Word, needs not any other aid or improvement, but that it will be perpetuated in the condition given to it by the Divine Son, and will be preserved as His inheritance by those with whom it has been deposited. Our knowledge of the power, and our trust in the veracity of the Divine Word by whom all things were created, forbid the idea of any renovation, reformation, or improvement in religion by means of human skill and mortal industry.

However, "Glorious Reformation!" rings in our ears. Many lamentations are effused on account of our deprivation of the sweet influence of that spiritual honeycomb. We are exhorted, we are entreated, we are scolded; even, it is said, we are prayed for; so that we may enjoy freedom from what is called papal domination. It is said to us by our loving, refined, reformed friends: "*There has been corruption in the body and soul of the Church; a subversion of truth universally. Look to the work of reprobation and reparation. Do not suffer your intellectual sight to be blurred by continually looking on that which has always been, which is antiquated, and, according to the ordinary nature of things, decayed. Refresh your vision with a new thing. Look at the pure and holy reformation; then a comparison will necessarily arise; and from the immense improvement it produced, you will easily perceive that corruption was possible. You know that an explanation must be clearer than the thing explained;*

in like manner, the Reformation must be better than that which had to be reformed. Look at it; examine it, and if you find it corresponding with its name, you must acknowledge its blessed light, and find a path of departure from the Pope, left wrapped up in a cobweb of ages."

Now politeness at least demands from us corresponding behavior, in return for so much zeal manifested on our behalf; therefore we will undertake the proposed task, seek the opportunity for improving our religious condition, and look at the "Reformation" fairly and impartially. We have, fortunately, "*searched the Scriptures,*" and we are furnished with the criterions to be used in such an emergency, viz., "*Try the spirits whether they be of God.*" 1 John 4:1. "*By the fruits the tree is to be judged,*" &c., &c.

When we undertake to examine the condition and relations of religion, we are necessarily led to look to the primitive times of the Church; and doing so we are charmed with the brilliant irradiation of the "light that enlightens every man coming into the world;" breaking the darkness that long brooded over the minds of men, and actually renewing the face of the earth. No sooner was the gospel announced, than society was changed under every aspect. *The valleys, in the language of prophecy, were raised, and mountains were levelled.* The poor man lifted his head from his prostrate condition, and the rich recognized in every human being, not only an individual of the same species, but a brother, redeemed by the same grace, and entitled to the same in-

heritance. In a word, the spirit of charity spread abroad, diffusing all the blessings promised in ancient prediction, shedding light on those who sat in darkness, and comforting the afflicted and oppressed. The hallowed breath of religion melted the fetters of the bondsman, and all who so willed it, rejoiced in the liberty of the sons of God. The Church verified the vision of the prophet Ezekiel, seated like a temple on an eminence, illuminated by faith, opening wide its gates; it sent forth a torrent of sweetness, to refresh the world, as it rolled on to the extremities of the earth, and gave health and benediction to all touched by its waters.

The instruments of this glorious work of spiritual and moral regeneration, partook largely of the sanctity of their honorable office; so that the more critically men considered the character of the ministers of the gospel, the more were they convinced of the integrity and value of that marvellous enterprise. In their writing, and preaching the gospel throughout the world, the same invariable order was observed. They declared the same mysteries, taught the same dogma, established the same morality, the same worship, and the same discipline throughout the Church. That which Peter taught in Rome, was taught by James in Jerusalem, by John at Ephesus, and by Thomas in India. This is so true and remarkable, that in subsequent times, whenever haughty and turbulent spirits attempted to substitute their opinions for the general doctrine of the Church, nothing more was necessary to condemn the innovation

than an appeal to the teaching and traditions of the Apostles and their successors. All this is applicable to pastors and people throughout generations in the life of the Church. They were peculiarly noted as envoys of God by the perfect harmony of their words and actions, being at once the masters and models of the purest virtue, so that the most persuasive logic to convert the world was signalized, when, pointing to exemplary lives, the Gentiles exclaimed, "*Behold how the Christians love each other.*" In all the admonitions uttered, there is a good sense, a justness, a chastened dignity, both charming and affecting. The writings inspire respect and love for the Supreme Being; enforce regard for every social order, equally for prince or peasant, for rich or poor; honor to whom honor, tribute to whom tribute is due, and charity to all mankind. Those founders and propagators of Christianity, in public and private, were distinguished as simple, modest, humble, peaceable models of rectitude and sincerity; incapable of falsehood, of cunning or duplicity; ever as ready to exercise benevolence for mankind, as to suffer patiently every evil and misfortune; detached from all temporal solicitude, without any purpose or pretension on earth, except the glory of God and the sanctification of their brethren.

We cannot expect less on the part of those who come forward to do all the work implied by the word "*Reformation*;" and to lead mankind from the darkness of ages, as some say, eight hundred years, more or less, and to conduct them into the broad, clear light of origi-

nal primitive grace and sanctity. Not less indeed, but, if possible, greater purity and holiness of life and doctrine must accompany the achievement of a reformation; and we expect to find the principal instruments, at least, eminently distinguishing their work as a heavenly one, by their precious word and example. There must be more of miracle, more of evangelical sanctity in the prodigious work of breaking up the darkness of eight hundred years, and of renovating the Church; because in the primitive time the transition was from prophecy to fulfilment, from a figure to a reality, or from utter darkness (as in the case of Paganism) to perfect light; but in the reformation there was a transition from Christianity to Christianity; from light itself unto the effulgence of enlightenment; from a certain degree of virtue unto superlative perfection.

The explosion of a powder magazine in the face of a man expecting that he was opening a box of sweetmeats, could not be more startling than the surprise we experience in the first glance we cast on the scene about to open for our edification, and upon the first inquiry made at the most impartial source of information regarding the truth and general value of the so-called reformation. In a moment we apprehend that the most alluring anticipations will prove too brittle for towing us, tempest-tossed, into that harbor; that all constructions of the finest or fiercest imagination will prove bubbles; and that the first step we give from the rock of ages, when bidding good-bye to the Pope, might be like jumping on a

quicksand. Luther has been before us on the scene, and he does not come to us with reports of milk and honey, like the spies of old, from another promised Canaan. His early information perplexes us a little; for, just at the opening of our interview with the primitive fathers of the reformation, he says: "*By the malice of the devil, men became more avaricious, more averse to the works of mercy, more given to vice, more insolent, more corrupted than they ever were under Popery.*" This, indeed, is very annoying; we have cast the mind and heart into every shape and form, just that we might use our judgment very freely, and with some propriety say: "*Well, suppose the Church of all ages and nations has become some way corrupted, let us look at the purity of the reformation;*" yet after all our trouble this is what we hear from Luther! However, Luther was a hot-tempered man, and we must not be suddenly swayed by his single testimony on this important subject. It might happen that, through the great fervor of his zeal to have all men sanctified equally with himself, he would thus adroitly libel, or I should say, rebuke his followers, in order to stir up the devout spirit to greater enthusiasm. We will find the rays of the lamp of the sixteenth century reflected in many lenses; accordingly we will not be deterred by this seeming difficulty; we can look to a man of different disposition, but as highly responsible for the same cause. Calvin is the cool, keen man, who will give us the plain, naked truth. Alas! our best efforts to canonize the *primitive* Chris-

tians of modern times receive a considerable check when we hear Calvin deliberately declaring that: "*The greater part of those separated from the Pope are full of artifice and perfidy. Externally they make an appearance of zeal, but if you examine them closely, you will find them real rogues.*"

This increases our embarrassment, because Calvin was opposed in his views and temper to Luther, and here, without any collusion, he corroborates the testimony of Luther, the stout man of Wurtemberg. What must we do? Will we give up? No. Observe, Calvin reports so badly of "*the greater part.*" And we are not to be abashed by the ill reputè of the majority. "Many are called, but few are chosen," holds good as a maxim universally. Ten just men in the city will do for us. Alas! Calvin is before us again, solemnly declaring: "*There is scarcely a tenth of those who have subscribed to the Gospel for other motives than to excel in lust.*"

We will keep our patience, yet we must say that it is very annoying to hear the very people we wish to be acquainted with, and with whom alone, as we are told, we can expect to be well off in body and soul, speaking in this disparaging and condemnatory manner. Indeed we are very much puzzled, and like all puzzled persons we do not know what to think. Yet, we may, on reflection, think like Melancthon, one of the greatest thinkers, as some call him, of the age, when he was puzzled by Luther's marriage; "*there was something hidden and divine in the business.*" Now, taking the cue from

this remarkable sage, we set ourselves to think. For instance, we are inclined to think that those men having reformed the Church, and consequently having illumined, purified, and sanctified all the members of the renovated covenant, they wrote after this fashion, through some mysterious ingenuity, for the purpose of challenging more inquiry about their labors, to attract a more attractive gaze upon their disciples; so that after close, severe examination, the world finding them quite the reverse of that, which ill will could impute to them, would thereby be more speedily converted by the reality of their virtue. Some persons may say that my theory is extravagant. What then? It is not too *extravagant* in regard to men who undertook the *extravagant* work of demolishing the whole religious structure of five thousand six hundred years; who *extravagantly* proclaimed that they turned the course of a river, making it flow backwards from the sea unto the mountains; nothing less was pretended when they said they turned the stream of apostolic teaching clear back over the course of eight hundred years, more or less. So we will not be diverted from our purpose; we will take the issue of our theory; we will act on the hint of those sagacious, deep-thinking men; and therefore we will make intimate, familiar acquaintance with the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and primitive Christians of the so-called grand, glorious, and immortal reformation. We will interview them. Luther says of himself that: "*Whilst a Catholic he passed his life in austerities, in watchings, in fasts, in prayer, in poverty,*

chastity, and obedience;" but when reformed, "he could no longer forego the indulgence of the vilest propensities; that his sinfulness approached to madness, and that he who ought to be fervent in spirit was only fervent in impurity." Perhaps we can form a better acquaintance. Sleydan, a friend of Luther, says: "*He was so well aware of his immorality that he wished they would remove him from the office of preaching.*" Another friend, Melancthon, says: "*I tremble when I think of the passions of Luther.*" Hospinian says: "*This man (Luther) is absolutely mad. He never ceases to combat truth against all justice.*" This is very disheartening! The effort to scrape an acquaintance with those model men is as nauseous as scraping a heap of guano. Still we must interview Luther a little farther, because he is pre-eminently the chief, the prophet, and the guide of the whole affair offered in preference to that which is nicknamed Popery. We cannot have a better introduction than Zuinglius. He says: "*The devil has made himself master of Luther.*" Bad enough; but something worse comes from Conrad Reis, who declares that: "*To punish the pride of Luther the Lord abandoned him to the spirit of lying, which will always possess those who follow his opinions.*" This extension of censure to all Martin's followers is indeed very deplorable, especially as we find it repeated by various and illustrious authorities. Thus, Calvin writing to Westphal, an eminent Lutheran, exclaims: "*Thy school is nothing but a stinking pig-sty. . . Dost thou hear me, thou dog? Dost thou hear*

me, thou madman? Dost thou hear me, thou huge beast?" The farther we go the worse we fare with our acquaintance. Luther thus describes his reception by the disciples of Carlostadius: "*Those Christians attacked me with a shower of stones.*" There are inconveniences in Popery I candidly admit; for instance, sometimes on entering church, an old lady will make a mop of her beads, souse it in the holy water-vat, and sprinkle herself and all around, right and left, but this is a milder salutation than a shower-bath of stones! Luther continues: "*This was their blessing, 'May a thousand devils take thee; mayest thou break thy neck before thou returnest home again.'*"

Wherever we turn we are startled. Bucer, a shining light, and of course a good judge of character, says: "*Calvin is a mad dog. . . The man is wicked, and he judges of people according as he loves or hates them.*" According to Volmar and Voltaire: "*There was nothing in Calvin's doctrine but the expression of a savage soul.*" "*He seemed (says Bransby Cooper) to have felt a diabolical satisfaction in vilifying his Creator.*" I cannot interview Calvin any further, for some other things said of him are not fit for the hearing of even the most abandoned profligates.

We will not desist as long as there is the slightest chance of making good our opportunity. We will interview another grand patriarch and prophet of the wonderful dispensation offered to relieve us from the Pope—"Zuinglius!" Luther cries out: "*Zuinglius is dead and damned, having like a thief and rebel desired to compel others to fol-*

low his error." Gualtier says: "*He was most diabolical in the spirit of lying, and uttering blasphemies against the Son of man.*" According to all that is said about him by Melancthon, Schlusemburge, Brennius, and other luminaries, Zuinglius was entitled to the cheap lodgings provided for him by Luther.

We are deterred from approaching any other individuals; we cannot endure more agonies of disappointment. It would be a waste of patience and of time to go into details, for we have impartially taken the criterions forced upon us, and we justly conclude about all else that could be brought forward from what we find in the pillars, ornaments, and lights of so-called reformation. Now we may ask what have we to draw us away from the Pope? A view of the most extraordinary wickedness and folly; a shifting scene of tragedy and a comedy; and such a mixture

of the ludicrous and depraved that persons hesitate whether they will ridicule the follies or weep over the iniquities exhibited in the founders and constituents of the rowdyism of the sixteenth century. Inquire, search, examine over and over, we cannot discover one single instance of the happy influence of religion amidst a scene in which avarice, ambition, lust, revenge, and every criminal passion struggled for ascendancy.

For the present we conclude to remain with the Pope. It is commonly said that "second thought is best;" we will therefore join in with the much-extolled "modern thought," think again over the matter, and try again to hook on to the continually smashing evangelical alliance. A month at least will be required for the arduous task of thinking our way through the cloud-land of the so-called Reformation.

THE LAKE.

My life oft-times seems like a stagnant lake—
 Far hidden in some ancient forest dim,
 Whose tall trees, growing close around its rim,
 All change of light and shadow from it take;
 And the joy-giving sun unable make
 To throw upon its waters one bright ray:
 So that amid the floweriness of May
 No buds or blossoms on its margin wake.
 These tall trees keep it neither cold nor warm;
 But shield it from the wind that would be life,
 Waking its waters unto healthful strife;
 So keepeth it a changeless, sullen form,
 Below which weeds and rottenness are rife,
 Until it shall be purified by storm!

THE HEROINE OF 1793.

A STORY OF CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

I.

THE stars still glimmered in the sky, and scarcely had the cock crowed, when the door of a small house, in the village of Yzernay, opened to give egress to a woman enveloped in a blue cloth mantle, and carrying on her arm a large, heavy basket.

Stealthily she walked past the houses on her road, and then, turning quickly round to the left, she treaded her way across a little path in a field of rye, and soon found herself in the open country. Stopping to take breath, and throwing back her hood, she showed a fresh young face, framed in the frills of a cap whiter than snow.

"All is well," said she, "no one saw me leave, and if God help me, I hope to be back before sunrise."

The pretty peasant continued to walk quickly, in spite of her burden and the heavy sabots she wore on her feet, until meeting with a little hillock, surmounted by a cross, which the Republicans had not yet destroyed, she placed her basket at the foot of this Calvary, and kneeling devoutly on the damp ground, prayed with fervor, exposed as she was to the piercing cold of a December night.

"My good Jesus," she said, "and thou, holy Mother of God, my heavenly patroness, grant me the favor of reaching the forest, where they have been languishing

for three days without food or news from their friends."

Having finished this prayer, she rose, and continued her way across the fields at one time, then leaping across small streams and climbing hills, without allowing herself to be stopped or frightened by any obstacle, so that in less than an hour she reached the borders of a thick forest, which was the termination of her nocturnal journey. Then, putting both hands to her mouth, she uttered three times a sharp cry, somewhat resembling that of the cuckoo; and, seating herself at the foot of an oak tree, with listening ear, and her eyes fixed on the underwood, she impatiently waited an answer to the signal.

At the end of five minutes, she seemed to distinguish a slight noise, like that of a hare in the copse, and, by the first light of day, she perceived a human form crawling in the thicket.

"Heaven and France!" said a sonorous voice.

"The Altar and the Throne!" replied the girl.

"Who are you, and what do you seek?" said he to the young peasant.

"What! Do you not recognize me, sir?" she replied.

"Ah! it is you, Marie. Nothing, I hope, has happened to your brave father."

"No; God be thanked, he is in no danger; but the wound in his

leg opened afresh last Sunday, and he walks with great difficulty. I did not like him to come so far whilst he is in this state, and I came in his place."

"You are a good girl. Have you brought us any cartridges?"

"Yes, yes, some; and provisions as well; but how is the count?"

"A little better than he was yesterday."

"And our good curé?"

"Pretty well, considering the times. Do you wish to see him, Marie?"

"Yes, sir, I should be very glad to do so; and my father asked me to bring back news of you all."

"Well, follow me, child."

The chevalier went first, and putting aside, on the right and on the left, the branches of the young trees, he opened in the midst of the thicket—a path which would have been impracticable to any but a man accustomed to the rude labor of war or hunting—and after a quarter of an hour's painful walking, he arrived, followed by the young girl, at the entrance of a natural grotto, the narrow opening of which was almost entirely hidden by branches and brushwood.

"Here they are," said he, stooping to the ground.

Marie imitated her guide, and both walked in this bent posture in profound obscurity; but after they had gone a few steps, and turned a little to the right, she suddenly perceived a light; and, the arched vault increasing in height, she found herself in a spacious cave, lighted by a single lamp, which was placed on the trunk of a tree that served for a table. Swords, guns, and arms of every description were

arranged with care in this vast inclosure; but what most attracted the gaze of Marie was a bed of dry leaves, on which was extended the form of a man so pale and attenuated he might have been taken for a corpse, had it not been for the feverish light in his large eyes. Near him was a venerable old man, who was the Curé of Yzernay, who, as soon as he perceived his young parishioner, advanced to meet her, made her sit down on a wooden bench; and, having first inquired about her father, whom he loved and esteemed, he interrogated her with anxiety concerning the progress of events and the fate of their friends.

"Alas!" replied the young girl, with a profound sigh, "we have had no news of the army since it passed the Loire. May God grant it safety, and protect it from our enemies! As for me," she added, wiping with the corner of her apron some tears she could not keep back, "I am afraid I shall never see my brother Jacques again, although he went away in good health."

"Come, come! courage and resignation, my poor child!" said the priest. "Jacques is a youth full of courage, who has already rendered great services to the good cause; if he died combating for his God and his King, no doubt heaven would be his recompense. But he will return, I trust, for your consolation, and that of your good father. Meantime we will all pray for him, my child; and now tell me what is passing in the neighborhood."

"Oh, all that is very sad too," replied the young girl. "Since the departure of our troops, the Re-

publicans, who are now masters, have put soldiers in all the towns; they are everywhere; and the Communists pillage and massacre all who displease them. They commit horrors which make one shudder only to think of: women and children have been cut in pieces or burnt alive. No one dares go on the high roads, on account of the patrol who scour the country continually. They gave out lately, that all who would lay down their arms should receive a certificate of civil rights as they call it, and then they would have no more to fear for themselves, nor their cattle, nor for any of their goods. Pierre l'Eveillé and François le Boitény believed them on their word, and took their arms to the municipality of Chollet. They were immediately imprisoned, and the next day both were shot."

"My God! my God! forgive these miserable beings, for they know not what they do," exclaimed the curé, full of sorrow and indignation.

"That is not all," continued the young girl. "They became masters of the Château de Beaubigné; they have utterly destroyed it by fire, so that not one stone remains on another. Some lads who were there, perished in defending it; and three women were burnt alive in the chapel, where they had taken refuge to escape the massacre."

"Softly, my child, speak lower," said the old priest, sighing heavily and pointing with his finger to the Count of Beaubigné, who for five weeks had been struggling between life and death, from wounds received in combat. "Let us conceal such terrible news from him as long as possible."

"Monsieur le Comte is still very ill, no doubt," said Marie; "or certainly he would have spoken to me; he was always so affable."

"He is so weak as hardly to have the power of movement," replied the priest; "let us hope, however, that Heaven will preserve him. And now adieu, my good girl; return to your father; and may God bless you both!"

Marie left the cave with profound emotion, but proud and happy that she had successfully carried out her perilous commission; and, thanks to the chevalier, who again cleared the way for her, she found herself in a few moments on the borders of the wood.

It was now daylight, the sky was serene, the birds hopped gaily from branch to branch of the leafless trees, the horizon was colored with that purple tint which precedes sunrise, and the country round was solitary. This calm of nature, and still more, the remembrance of the generous action she had just done, filled Marie with an inexpressible joy which expands the heart. She walked with a light step, humming the burden of a pious cantique, gayer and happier than she had been for a long time.

She was perceived from the height of a rock, where he had been seated, with his eyes fixed on the pathway, like a cat watching its prey, by a man of mean appearance, lank of figure, with red hair and thin lips. A malignant joy showed itself in his face. He rose slowly and glided noiselessly behind a group of trees which the young girl must pass on her road, and then hid himself until she was too near to avoid him.

"Good morning, Marie," said he to her, in a croaking voice, which he tried to soften.

The poor girl shuddered as if she had set her foot on a reptile, but, summoning up her courage, she tried to appear unconcerned.

"Good morning, Monsieur Samsonnet," she replied, walking more rapidly.

"Monsieur! That word shows aristocratic prejudices," replied the little man, suiting his steps to those of the young girl; "call me 'citizen,' or rather Samsonnet, quite short; it will be prettier on your part. You are in a great hurry, and very silent to-day," he continued, seeing her run rather than walk towards the village.

"My father is ill and he wants me," she said, briefly.

"Then, why go out so early?"

"Is there not always something to be done in the country—fruits to gather, or vegetables to collect?"

"Ah, fruit. There is none at this season; and unless you have been cutting fagots in the wood, I do not see what you could collect there; but it is something different I have to speak of to you. You know, darling! that for a long time past I have loved you; and although you have always showed yourself very hard to me, my heart has not changed."

"So much the worse for you, Monsieur Samsonnet, for neither have I changed; and I can only repeat what I have told you before. A virtuous girl does not listen to such discourses."

"But if I had good intentions, Marie; if I asked you to be my wife?"

"You are rich, Monsieur; you

are the son of the largest grocer in Chollet. I am only a poor peasant: I cannot marry you."

"And why not, sweet one? You are fortunate in having to do with a true patriot. I have no prejudices: liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; all men are equal. I condescend to you without a blush."

"You are too good, Monsieur," she said, in a slightly ironical tone; "I do not merit so much honor, and I beg you to allow me to pass on my road."

"Now, you will not pass, until you have told me that you love me," said Samsonnet, stopping the way.

"I cannot say so, since it is not true," replied the young girl hastily, departing, in spite of her first resolution, from the extreme moderation which prudence rendered necessary for her.

"You shall not pass, I tell you!" he repeated, grasping her by the arm.

The color rose in the face of Marie, and indignation doubling her strength, she flung off the miserable wretch, who stumbled and fell into a muddy ditch nearly two feet in depth.

"You will pay dearly for this!" he cried, in a choking voice, and struggling with the mud: "Do you think I do not know the goings-on of Vendangeon, your father, and that I cannot guess where you have been this morning? On the faith of a patriot, I will be revenged on you and all that clique of aristocrats who cause you to despise patriotic zeal like that of Polycarp Samsonnet!"

But Marie did not stop to listen to him; but, running as fast as she could, she soon perceived the stee-

ple of the parish church; which from afar appeared to her as the wished-for port does to the sailor exposed to the fury of the storm; and it was not until she had set foot in the village, that she relaxed her precipitate flight.

A boy, hardly fifteen years of age, was watching for her at the door of the cottage.

"Here you are at last, cousin!" he called out to her as soon as he saw her.

"What, are you here, Bous-sardé? I thought you had gone away with them," she said, embracing him.

"Ah, it's not my fault, you may be sure, that I did not follow cousin Jacques; but I received a ball in the arm, which caused me to faint, and they thought me dead. When I recovered consciousness the entire army had passed the Loire, and there was no means of rejoining them. Besides, I was too ill. A poor old woman at St. Florent took pity on me; she hid me in her loft until I was cured; then I came home."

"Poor child!" said Marie, her eyes filled with tears.

"I am no longer a child, cousin, for I have fought like a man. Monsieur de Lescure said so," added he, drawing himself up.

So speaking, the two young people rejoined Marie's father, whose recently-opened wound kept him in bed. Marie related to him all the details of her morning excursion, except her meeting with Samsonnet, of which she said not a word, whether she attached little importance to his threats, or that she wished to avoid for her father this new subject of inquietude. Bous-

sardé, on his part, made known to his relations his projects and his hopes. He had just learned that M. de Charette had surprised and cut in pieces the garrison of Cerisay, and that he was pressing on to Maulevrier, to the very centre of the territory, not long before occupied by the "*grande armée*;" and he—little Bous-sardé, as he was still called—he, scarcely out of his childhood, would join the brave troops, to take part in their dangers and their glory.

"Go, my nephew!" said the aged Vendangeon to him. "We live in a time when children and old men, as well as men in their prime, should spare neither their property nor their blood. The one and the other belong to God, and we should not fear to expose them for the defence of his cause. Go then, my boy, and may the Lord be with you! In the last combat you told me, a few minutes ago, you lost your gun. Unfortunately I have not one to offer you; but take the pitchfork you will find in the stable; it will serve you to conquer better arms from the enemy."

Bous-sardé thanked his uncle and proceeded to seek for the pitchfork. He found at the same time, in the room hitherto occupied by his cousin Jacques, an old rusty sword, which he rubbed as bright as he could, after having obtained permission to take that also. The entire day passed in these warlike preparations.

When evening had come, Marie accompanied her cousin as far as the Little Calvary, where she had prayed in the morning. Both knelt at the foot of the Cross; then, embracing tenderly, they parted.

Boussardé went away, his heart full of hope; and the young girl turned sadly back on the way to her home.

When Marie had arrived within two or three hundred steps of the village, it seemed to her that she heard discordant voices vociferating in the distance. Surprised and disquieted by this unaccustomed noise, she stopped for a moment to listen with more attention, and she thought she could hear sung the Marseillaise and the terrible "*Ca ira*." "We are lost," she said to herself; "the blues are at Yzernay!"

Her first impulse was to turn back and hide herself in the wood, but the remembrance of her sick father came immediately into her mind; and her tenderness being stronger than her fears: "I will not forsake him in the hour of danger," she said; "if they kill him, I will die with him."

Just then two aged women, who were escaping from Yzernay, driving before them a lame cow and a few lean sheep, crossed her on the road, and recognizing her by the light of the moon, exclaimed: "Save yourself, save yourself, Marie! The blues are putting all to fire and sword. Come with us into the heath!"

"My father! Tell me, has any misfortune happened to my father?"

"Ah, poor dear man! May God have pity on him. Come with us, Marie! it is not well for you to go down there."

"My father is in danger!" exclaimed the young girl in a distracted tone. And, without listening to the two peasants who wished to detain her, she hastened with all

the ardor of her filial piety, towards her father's cottage.

As she approached Yzernay, cries came more distinctly to her ears, and soon the most frightful spectacle presented itself to her; the cottage-door was wide open, the furniture thrown down and broken; and in the middle of the same room, where a short time before young Boussardé related to his family his adventures and his hopes, now lay on the ground, the aged Vendangeon, tightly bound, half-naked, and covered with blood and wounds, under the guard of a sentinel. Whilst a troop of *sans-culottes*, drunk with blood and carnage, coursed over the village, breaking-in doors, ill-treating women and children, and taking possession.

"My father! my good father!" exclaimed Marie, throwing herself on her knees and covering with her kisses and tears the bruised visage of the old man.

"My child! my beloved child! Let us resign ourselves to God's will!" he murmured, in a faint voice. "Nothing happens without his permission; but hide yourself, in order to escape from them, if possible; and may heaven protect you!"

"I will not leave you. They shall kill me first!"

"Away with you" cried the sentinel, in a brutal voice; and, seizing the young girl with apparent rudeness, he said:

"I hear them coming back. Listen to me, little one—go away, whilst there is yet time!"

"Oh, never! I never will abandon my father!"

"*En route!*" exclaimed the head

of the detachment, which had, in effect, returned.

The prisoner was thrown on a cart drawn by oxen, loaded with the plunder they had just seized; and as Marie was about to mount with her father, one of the *sans-culottes* pushed her so rudely that she fell back; and her head striking against a sharp stone, she lost her consciousness, and remained stretched on the ground.

II.

A WEEK afterwards, on a cold and rainy night, whilst the inhabitants of Chollet were buried in sleep, a corpulent little man, clothed in a carmagnole and armed with a gun, paced up and down before the front of a hotel which had been transformed into a prison.

"What vile weather!" he muttered, blowing on his fingers; "and I hardly begun my watch; and here I am for two mortal hours! This northeast wind is devilish cold, and it hails. One would not send a dog out on such a night!"

As he finished this monologue—keeping up, at the same time, his motion to and fro—he perceived a human being advancing towards him.

"Who goes there?" he cried, taking aim with his musket.

"A friend," replied a soft voice, trembling with emotion.

"Whoever you are, pass on, or I will fire! But if I am not mistaken, it is you again, *petite*. You must be possessed to be here at such an hour, and in such dreadful weather! Have you not had sufficient rebuffs during the last eight days, whilst you persist in keeping

near the prison? Are you not tired of being badly treated?"

"I shall never be tired of suffering for my father," said she, wiping her eyes. "And you who are so good, citizen Fougat——"

"I am not at all good," he interrupted, in feigned anger. "Devil take it! it is too dangerous in these times; and I should like to know why you always address yourself to me, and favor me with your tears!"

"Because you are the only one who has compassion on me, citizen."

"And who says I pity you? *Morbleu!* Don't go saying that, at least. I am a good Republican—the country before all!"

"Well, citizen; but even if you let me see my father, what harm would that do the country?"

"Your father, your father—Samsonnet says that he is an aristocrat in his sympathies and has held intercourse with them, and that he condemns those priests who have taken the constitutional oath."

"Samsonnet is a wretch!" said Marie, indignantly; "but you, citizen, have known my father for a long time. You know that there does not exist in the world a braver man, more inoffensive, more trustworthy."

"I know it, I know it, little one; and if it had depended on me, things would not have happened as they did."

"Well, then; let yourself be moved, my good Fougat! Have pity on a poor girl who implores you for her father, so that others may be compassionate to your little Fanny, if ever—which God forbid!—she should be in such a cruel position."

"And what do you want me to do for you?" said Fougat, visibly moved. "But you never follow my advice. The night of the arrest, you refused to hide yourself, as I begged you to do, and you see what happened to your poor head; not to speak of what worse misfortunes might have occurred yesterday. I told you I would do all I could to obtain pardon for Vendangeon, if you would only consent to hear Mass said by a constitutional priest, because the chief of the district thinks a great deal of this proof of obedience, and you only answer me by tears. Come, decide! Will you save your father's life, or not?"

"Will I?" exclaimed Marie, with transport; "but he—will he wish to save it at this price? Can I take such a step without consulting him? Ah, citizen! only grant me permission to speak to him for a few minutes, and all that he advises me to do I will do without regret; for he is so wise and good, my conscience will be at rest in following his counsel."

"Well, certainly, Vendangeon would never be mad enough to refuse this little satisfaction to the president of the district, when his liberty and his life depend on it. Now, little one, the best thing you can do, in this weather, is to go home and go to bed, and to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock, come back here, and I will give you a permit, with which you can enter the prison and see once more your old father."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, my good Monsieur Fougat! and may God reward you for the good you do me!"

Having said these words, the

poor girl went on her way towards the house of a greengrocer, in whose family she had, through Christian charity, a present asylum. A little hope and joy now mingled itself with her sadness.

"Perhaps," thought she, "my father will not object to my hearing Mass once said by this constitutional priest; and, whatever may be his decision, I shall at least have the happiness of seeing him an instant."

The next morning, at break of day, she was already at the door of the prison, wrapped in her mantle, and seated on a fallen tree. She recited the rosary with all the fervor of her pure and pious soul. Several times it happened that zealous patriots wanted to drive her from the spot, and spoke to her in coarse and brutal language, but she made no reply to their insults, and remained motionless at her post, dwelling in her mind on what she had learned in the catechism of the passion and death of our Saviour.

"Since God has suffered so much for us," said she to herself, "I may well bear something for his love and for my father—I, who am only a poor peasant."

At last the clock struck ten, and Marie soon perceived the open countenance of citizen Fougat, who, very much against his will, returned to mount guard at the prison. He put into the hands of his *protégée* the permit he had promised her the night before, and, being signed by competent authority, thanks to this talisman, the jailor made no difficulty in introducing the young girl into the cellar where Vendangeon was kept prisoner.

At the sight of her old father, laden with heavy chains which he could hardly lift, the poor child burst into tears.

"Do not weep for me: I am not so much to be pitied, since it is given me to see you once more," he said, pressing her to his heart.

"Oh, my good father! in what a condition do I find you! What unwholesome air you breathe in this dungeon! You cannot stay here and live; but I hope you will leave it."

"To be shot, perhaps, my poor, dear child."

"No; to come home and live happy as before."

"It will be as God wills," said the old man, shaking his head; "but I can hardly believe in your words, my daughter; for the self-called patriots do not easily allow their prey to escape, and, unless the Royalists have retaken the town——"

"Unhappily it is not so," she replied; "but propositions have been made to me, father. They tell me that, if I would only hear Mass said by a Constitutional priest, you would be delivered from prison."

"And you consented?" he asked, with alarm.

"Not quite. I said I wished to consult you, for I feared to offend God in going to this Mass; but now I feel that was folly on my part, for the first duty of a daughter is to save the life of her father."

"The first duty of a Christian is to remain faithful to God, who is Father of us all!" returned the old man, in a grave voice; "even though we should sacrifice our life and what is dearest to us in the world."

"But, would it really be wrong to hear a Mass said by a priest who has taken the oath to the Constitution?"

"What can I say?" replied Vendangeon. "I am not a theologian; but it seems to me that when one cannot obtain counsel from one wiser than oneself, it is right to follow the instinct of conscience, without regard to what is advantageous or not to one's small interests; and the instinct of my conscience tells me that those priests who have taken the oath are schismatics. I do not, therefore, wish to have any spiritual communication with them."

Marie reflected for an instant.

"I know what I will do," she said. "I will go to the church, but I will not follow the Mass of this priest. I will think of something else; and I will save you without having anything in common with a schismatic."

"And the young girls who see you will not fail to say, 'Marie Vendangeon, who passed for a good Christian, who was a member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin, goes to the Constitutional priest's Mass!' Some will go on to say, 'We may go too;' and many will be scandalized on your account. Listen, my child! I remember to have read, in the holy Scriptures, that of old there was a holy man named Eleazar, whom they wished to force to eat meats forbidden by the Divine law, but he refused to obey this unjust command. As he was being conducted to execution, some friends, touched with compassion, supplicated him to pretend to accept some unlawful meats they brought him, but with-

out really eating them. But the venerable man replied, 'Such deception becomes not an honest man, and it would be a bad example to young people. Acting in this way, I should indeed avoid the anger of men, but I should not escape the wrath of God.' And having said these words, he submitted to death, blessing the Lord."

"I remember the history well," said Marie; "but Eleazar only disposed of his own life. He would not have answered in this way if his father had been in question. As for me, I will save mine at any cost."

"Oh, do not speak so, my child! Do not give me the terrible grief of having one day to reproach myself with the loss of your soul; for he who compounds with his conscience blunts its edge, and often ends by offending God without remorse."

Marie, seated at the old man's side, listened to him in grief of soul. A terrible combat arose in her heart.

"Can I abandon you to your fate, when you suffer so cruelly?" she said.

"I suffer, it is true," replied the old man, drawing his daughter to him; "but it is for my God and for my King; and this thought sustains me in the midst of my woes. If you knew, Marie, how consoling it is to be able to say in the midst of trouble, 'I have done my duty.' Besides, the life of this world is of so little moment, and the recompense which the Lord reserves for His elect is so great and so beautiful, we cannot buy it too dearly. Then, when I think of all the miseries of this life, of the horrors

which I have witnessed lately, death seems to me a great gain. And if it were not for the regret of leaving you and my dear Jacques, I should desire with all my heart to enjoy the happiness I hope to have in heaven, for I do not forget that our Saviour has said, 'Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice' sake.'"

As he finished these words, the jailer stood on the threshold of the prison.

"Come, the time is up," said he to Marie.

"No, I will not go! I will not go!" she exclaimed, sobbing.

Vendangeon pressed her again in his arms.

"Go, my child," said he to her with dignity; "show yourself strong and courageous against your own heart. If it be necessary, let me suffer and die, and remember that all the torments of this world would be less cruel to me than the grief of knowing that you had offended God."

The poor child threw herself on her knees, and in a voice broken with tears, said:

"Give me your blessing, father, that God may give me strength to obey you."

The old man slowly uncovered his bald head; his countenance, worn with age and suffering, was suddenly illuminated with a sublime expression of faith and confidence in God; he placed his trembling hand on the forehead of his child, and, with his eyes raised to heaven, he pronounced these words:

"May the Lord bless you as I bless you, my daughter! May He render you rich in virtue, the only treasure we shall take into the other

world, and may we be reunited one day in His blessed paradise!"

"Amen," said Marie, rising calmer.

The jailer, mute witness of this touching scene, took her by the hand and drew her out of the prison. She had scarcely gone a few steps when she found herself face to face with Citizen Fougal.

"Well," said he to her in a good-humored tone, "when will you go to Mass?"

Marie fell at his feet.

"Put me in prison with my father, for I will never go."

"Vendangeon is an obstinate old fellow, and you're a fool!" he exclaimed, in a rage: "I ask you what it would cost you to go to this Mass? But, as you do not choose to do anything that I advise for your good, settle things as you like; I don't meddle any more with your affairs."

"Oh, in pity!" cried Marie, clinging to Fougal's scarf, "grant me what I ask of you, it is so easy for you. So many others are put in prison, why not put me, too? What must I do to obtain this favor? Pass for a Royalist? Well; Long live the King! Long live the Catholic army!"

"Be quiet, unhappy girl!" exclaimed Fougal, putting his large hand over the mouth of the impru-

dent child, and looking around him with an unquiet glance, "do you want us all to be shot, you, your father, and myself? Devil take it! but, fortunately, no one heard you. Speak low; tell me what you still want."

"I have already told you, my good Monsieur Fougal, to share my father's captivity, that I may take care of him and console him in his misfortune."

"But you do not know, poor child, that it might be for a long time, forever, perhaps," he replied, with emotion, "who knows whether Vendangeon may not be condemned to death, and you too, if you are found with him. Take my advice, little one, return to Yzernay, where there are relations and friends who will take care of you; sun and fresh air have their charm, and at your age life is a pleasant thing."

"Oh, my good Monsieur, the more danger my father incurs, the more I desire to share them. Grant me what I ask, or I shall die of grief, and, if needs be, I prefer being shot."

"You desire it then decidedly," he replied, not without emotion; "well, it shall be as you wish, and may your good heart not cost you your life, for you are a brave girl after all!"

(To be concluded.)

THE DARK HOUR ERE THE DAWNING.

SHE rocks her baby to and fro,
Crying aloud in anguish wild:
"I cannot bear that deadlier woe,
So, God of mercy, take my child."
Poor soul! her act belies the prayer
She breathes into the midnight air—
It is before the dawning.

For while she speaks, her arms enfold
The babe with a still tighter clasp;
As fearing Death, so stern and cold,
Should hear, and rend it from her grasp.
She knows not—were that dark hour past—
Of hers, 'tis doomed to be the last,
The one before the dawning.

You had not wondered at the prayer,
If you had seen that hovel poor,
And known what *she* had suffered there,
Since first the grim "wolf" forced the door:
But the prayer sped; the widow's pride,
Of sickness—not of hunger—died,
An hour before the dawning.

Half thankful, half remorseful, now
This only treasure, hers no more—
Tears raining on its marble brow,
She lays upon her pallet poor,
Then whispers: "Would *I too* might die,
And so together we should fly
To seek a brighter dawning."

The dawning came, and with it brought
Tidings of friends, and wealth restored;
They fell scarce heeded, as she sought
The little corpse, and o'er it poured
Her wild lament, her ceaseless moan
That such had found her all alone—
No child to share the dawning.

A hungry bee will strive to sip
 Sweets even from a faded rose :
 Thus hangs she on the pallid lip
 So long, one almost might suppose
 That she is striving with her breath
 To thaw away the frosts of death,
 Which yield not to the dawning.

And now she murmurs day by day :
 " O God, that I had learned to wait ;
 'Tis so much harder than to pray,
 As I have found, alas ! too late.
 I might have deemed the worst was past,
 And that dark hour *must* be the last,
 The one before the dawning."

THE POSITIVE RELIGION ; OR, THE WORSHIP OF HUMANITY.

OF all the adversaries of the Catholic Church that have ever arisen Auguste Comte is certainly among the most formidable. Though his novel and extraordinary doctrines have, in their complete form, been before the world only twenty years, they have gained a large number of disciples from among intellectual men and leaders of public opinion, and they are at this moment impeding and crippling the action of the Church in Europe at large more than the principles and opinions of any other man. How far their influence may yet extend it is impossible for us to foresee, but it is not so much their results as their nature that we have in view when we regard them as so especially formidable. The heresies which have

preceded them had all something in common with Christianity, and they therefore bore witness to the Catholic faith in a certain degree at the very time that they set up a hostile camp. The Gnostics, Arians, Nestorians, and Manichæans, the sects founded by Luther, Calvin, and Swedenborg, though professing manifold and fearful errors, all maintained the existence of God, and the responsibility of man to God as his Creator, Father, and Judge. But the peculiarity of the religion founded by Comte is this, that it eliminates altogether the idea of God and yet inculcates a worship and professes a creed. It is the more likely to lead astray, because it boasts of being the summary of all previous religions and of incorporating into itself all that

is good and true in the Catholic system. It enrolls St. Luke, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Hildebrand, Bossuet, and many other Catholic saints, doctors, and preachers in its calendar, and includes in the library recommended to the use of its disciples the Bible, the Confessions of St. Augustine, the Imitation of Jesus Christ, the Catechism of Montpellier, and several works by Bossuet and De Maistre. It establishes a priesthood, prescribes the habit of prayer, inculcates devotion to the service of our neighbor, and adopts for its motto :

Love as the principle;
Order as the basis;
Progress as the end.

Its high priest is Auguste Comte, who "died," as Mr. Lewes, his biographer and admirer, says, "on the 5th of September, 1857, at the age of 60, leaving behind him an immortal name and an almost canonized position in the memory of a select few, who still carry out with admirable energy the efforts to establish and spread the religion of humanity, undismayed by the ridicule and social persecution which await every religious movement at its outset." From the same authority we learn that Comte was accustomed to pray and meditate when he rose in the morning; to read daily a chapter from Thomas à Kempis and a canto from Dante; and to pray again before retiring to rest. "The hour of prayer," he adds, "was to him an hour of mystic and exquisite expansion." We shall see presently to whom, or rather to what, his prayers were addressed. To those who only glance at his work on the positive religion, and see continually the

words "the Supreme Being," "the Divinity," and "the Great Being," it would appear, of course, that his worship was offered up to God. But they would be totally mistaken if they supposed that "the Supreme Being" involved any notion whatever of Godhead. His "hour of mystic and exquisite expansion" was not passed in opening his heart to the God and Father of all. Though born in a house facing the church of St. Eulalie, in Montpellier, of a father and mother who were strict Catholics and ardent Royalists, though he had in his childhood learned, and perhaps loved, to pray, he had in later years contrived to obliterate from his mind every vestige of Theism and to erect on its ruins a new and, before his time, unimagined system of man-worship.

A review of the positive philosophy on which the positive religion is built would belong properly to the domain of science. Suffice it, however, to say that the philosophy of which Comte is the author is founded on the positive, or scientific method of inquiry, in contradistinction to the theological and metaphysical method which preceded it, as Comte teaches, in the world's history. Exploding these altogether, he insists on actual observation, analysis, and induction, as the only reliable guides in the study of any matter whatsoever, and he has applied them largely in his works to the investigation of the physical sciences, as also to biology, sociology, and morals. His error consists, not in the use of the inductive method, which was established long before his time, nor even in its application, under

proper control, to the phenomena of life and society, but in substituting it for all religious revelation and confounding the religion of Christ with that of Mahomet, Buddha, and every other form of ancient superstition and modern misbelief. The evidences of the Christian religion would have nothing to fear from the most searching investigation conducted according to the positive or scientific method; on the contrary if that method were employed in a fair and devout spirit the result would be in all respects confirmatory of the truth of the Catholic faith. But it was not studied by Comte in this manner. He had prejudged the question. He had come to the conclusion that all inquiry into first causes and final causes is vain, and beyond the reach of man's intelligence. He discarded the ideas of revelation and grace, and having built up a philosophy on facts, he resolved to raise upon facts and demonstration a religion also.

Now mark the consequences. He admitted the want, and felt the necessity of worship; but whom was he to adore? He could not worship God, for he did not allow his existence, though his own method might, if rightly pursued, have led him up through human testimony to the great fact of the Resurrection, and through it to the facts of our Lord's life and teaching, and through them to the revelation of the Eternal Father, his holy angels, and supernatural surroundings. He created an object of worship, therefore, out of the facts of his own experience. He put man in the abstract and the concrete in the place

of God, and fell down and worshipped him. It was not man in all his grossness, but man, or men, obtained by a process of selection. Humanity, that is, the best part of humanity, idealized, and such men and women as had been, according to his view, the servants of humanity and benefactors of society. This was the supreme object of worship in the new religion, and we are careful to state it correctly. Declamation and ridicule will never put it down; it must be faced by serious argument. It includes, in the idea of Comtists, the dead, the living, and those who are yet unborn, and it is worshipped chiefly by means of prayer, used in the larger sense of praise as well as petition. The positive prayer proposes for its end moral progress and the becoming more serviceable to the cause of humanity. The worshipper is taught that the departed no longer exist according to any laws of life, but that they have a kind of immortality in the good effects which they have wrought in their lifetime, and which cannot ever be annulled. He is recommended to evoke the dead so as to give them as far as possible an objective existence, and to picture them to his imagination in the very attitude and dress which marked them during their lifetime. He associates with them in thought all the true servants of humanity, whether women or children, "not even excepting the animals who have contributed their aid in the work of social improvement."

There is evidently an analogy—an imperfect and grotesque analogy—between the worship of humanity

as instituted by Comte and the worship of the Saints as sanctioned by the Catholic Church. But there is this momentous difference between the two—that in the *cultus* of the Saints we render homage to beings who exist—beings who are redeemed, sanctified, perfected, and living objectively, though no longer in the body. The Positivists, on the contrary, worship dead men who have no objective existence, who live subjectively only in the memories and hearts of living worshippers, who were full of imperfections, many of them living apart from God, possessed only of natural virtue, and in whom the assistance of divine grace was of no account. In the calendar of these dead whom they commemorate in their festivals many Catholic saints are to be found, but they stand there, not because they have been canonized, but because Comte chose to regard them as among the highest specimens of humanity, and to place them by the side of Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Confucius, and Mahomet. The worship, therefore, that we offer is subordinate to the worship of God, which it strengthens; the worship that they offer is really idolatrous and avowedly atheistic; it is paid to an abstraction called humanity, and to beings, past, present, and to come, all destitute of immortal souls.

The positive religion is not merely a philosophical sketch. It has been reduced to a system. It has its private, domestic, and public worship, its guardian angels, its sacraments, its hours, and forms of prayer, its sponsors, marriage rites, and festivals of the dead. But whenever, in any of these particu-

lars, it seems to adopt something that belongs to the Catholic ceremonial, the resemblance is not an imitation but a horrible travesty. Even here, however, it does homage, as all false religions do unconsciously, to the divine faith; and thus out of its very evil and error some good and truth are to be educed. The private worship of Positivists consists in the daily adoration of the best types they can find to personify humanity, whether taken from among the living or the dead. Women especially, in their relation of mother, wife, and daughter, are regarded and worshipped by them as real guardian angels, at once the ministers and representatives of humanity. A course of morning, noontide, and evening prayers is prescribed, and to free them from the necessity of making their own prayers “the effusion with which they end may consist almost entirely in a judicious choice of passages from the poets.” The domestic worship is distinguished by the nine social sacraments, which form so many preparations by which, during the whole of his objective life, the servant of humanity proceeds in a gradual course to “the subjective eternity which is ultimately to constitute him an organ of the divinity (that is, the humanity) he worships.” Of these sacraments, the first and fifth—presentation and marriage—seem the most important. In the former, by which every birth is consecrated, the new scion is presented by the father and mother to the priesthood and solemnly devoted to the service of humanity, receiving at the same time two patrons, from whom he

takes his two names and adds to them a third, selected, as the other two, from among the consecrated representatives of humanity. The "sacrament" of marriage is not administered till the man has reached the age of 28 and the woman that of 21. A widow may not contract a second marriage under religious sanctions. If she desires to be wedded a second time, it can only be by a civil marriage.

The public worship of Positivists is as completely systematized as the private and domestic, but is not at present so fully developed in practice. It consists chiefly in a series of annual festivals of the worship of humanity under all its aspects—its social relations, matrimonial, paternal, filial, and the relation of master and servant; its preparatory states, polytheist, and monotheist; and its normal functions as regards women, the priesthood, the patriciate and the proletariat. Each year of thirteen months has a supplementary day, which is made a festival of all the dead, and an additional day in leap year made the festival of holy women. The name of Christ is not found among those to whom the several months and weeks of the Positivist year are dedicated, and we are spared, at least, the shock given to our piety in the conclusion of one of Victor Hugo's works, where after enumerating the brightest stars in the sky of human intellect, Socrates, Gutenberg, Columbus, Voltaire, and the like—he adds *la prodigieuse constellation, mêlée à cette immense aurore, Jésus Christ*.

Various as are the forms of idolatry reprobated in the Holy Scrip-

tures—polytheism in the revolting shapes of Moloch, Baal, and Ash-taroath—the worship of the evil one, of angels, of demons, and of Antichrist,—the experience of the inspired writers themselves had not as yet brought them in contact with the worship of man by himself—of man in the abstract and the concrete—of men, as men, by their fellow-mortals. The idols of Positivism are not even mortals raised to the rank of Gods by apotheosis, like the Cæsars, but men with all the attributes of humanity. Something, however, of the kind seems to be indicated by the "strange god," who is to be "a god of forces," and is to be worshipped by Antichrist, who is at the same time to have no God at all. It would be but a fond expectation to look for the speedy disappearance of this doctrine from the face of the earth. The intellectual endowments of its master and founder, and the wide influence of many of his disciples, forbid the supposition. It has a future before it, and it has always been considered the duty of Catholics to describe the tendencies of erroneous teaching and prognosticate its results. We have but imperfectly analyzed this germ of manifold evils to come—this union of atheism and idolatry; but we hope to scrutinize it more closely on another occasion. We can now only call attention to the fact that Auguste Comte, like Ernest Renan, was subjected in childhood to the tender influences of the Church's teaching, and that traces of that pure and holy instruction may be detected amid all his aberrations. Thus in speaking of his mother in the preface to his *Catéchisme Posi-*

tiviste, he says: "Far distant, alas! is now the imposing memory of the perfect Catholicism whose sway my noble and tender mother obeyed. But distant though it be, it shall always make me assert that the constant cultivation of the feelings must take precedence of that of the intellect, and even of that of activity."

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"SEE, dearest, what nice hot-house fruits I have brought you, a present from good Mrs. Arbuthnot, as also these sweet moss roses and carnations, which I have told her you love so well." And as Mary spoke thus she knelt down beside the sofa on which Kathleen reclined, and throwing her arms around the neck of the latter, she kissed her with all the warmth of her affectionate heart.

"How good of Mrs. Arbuthnot to think so kindly of one whom she has never seen," said Kathleen, as she took a nectarine from the basket; "and now tell me, darling, how did you get through the day—were the children very troublesome?"

"Much as usual," said Mary, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "It was a broken day, however, for in the midst of the drawing lesson we were interrupted by a visit from Mr. Arbuthnot, and the gentleman I told you of, who is arranging his books and paintings, for you know you have heard me say that he has a fine collection

of both. I was quite ashamed to produce my own poor sketches which he asked to see. He said it would be a pleasant walk for his mother to come over and see you, he was sure that she would like to make your acquaintance."

"Mary, love, I am scarce in a fit state to see strangers," said Kathleen, glancing at the rusty black dress she wore, "however, you told me that Mrs. Arbuthnot said the Darvils were very simple people."

"Very," was the reply; and then Mary flitted about the room, putting her fresh flowers into the pretty little vases that adorned the mantelpiece, removing any litters that happened to lay in the way, and ever and again stealing a fond glance at the relative she loved so truly, who had done so much for her, and whose gradually declining state called each day for increased attention.

Kathleen had been born to suffer, her whole life an act of self-denial, of patient endurance; hitherto the task had been easy, there was much heroism in the part she had sustained, and it may be that she, with all her virtue, may have harbored a sentiment of complacency

at the thought that by her unaided exertions she had accomplished so much; the heaviest trial was, however, in store for her, that was, to be confined almost perpetually to the couch, a burden on a young girl like Mary, who was just entering into life, and whose prospects she might mar.

Often, in the long, silent hours of the night, when the sorrows of the trouble-minded are so very hard to bear, she had sent up an earnest cry to God to spare her, if it were possible, this bitter trial. But she was doubtless to be made perfect in adversity, for it pleased Him to turn a deaf ear to her prayer.

Small wonder was it that Mary, brought up in such an atmosphere of self-denial, should have caught somewhat of the spirit which had ever animated the courageous Kathleen, and in her turn had bravely resolved to tread the same thorny path. But there were moments of sadness and depression which, in her struggle with the world, she could not overcome. Naturally excitable and of a sanguine temperament, Mary Fitz Maurice was a prey to those painful revulsions of feeling which are not unfrequently the lot of persons so constituted. At one time, without any apparent cause, the spirits are raised, and they become perfectly elated; then, a little later, there is a change, and the depression is equally great.

"And so I have found you out, my dear, by means of my son," said our old friend, Ella, as, on the evening of the day in question, she stopped at the door of the cottage in which the two solitary women dwelt, and as she paused for a few

moments in the room to which Mary had led her in order that she might divest herself of her walking garb, she said:

"I have but lately left London, simply because when my son got this appointment at Mr. Arbuthnot's he would not let me lead a lonely life in England by myself, so I accompanied him," adding, "I have no friends here, and shall be so happy to make the acquaintance of your aunt."

Then Mary led the way to the little parlor, and Kathleen, with a gentle smile and an outstretched hand, arose to receive her.

She was the first to start. The face of the old friend was wondrously changed in the three-and-twenty years that had elapsed. But the handsome features were but little altered. Take away that hair (after all, more white than years should make it), give to the cheek its former bloom and roundness, and to the somewhat angular figure of Mrs. Darvil, the plumpness of earlier days, and Ella was still the same. Rapidly these thoughts passed through the mind of Kathleen, when, after the first surprise of the suddenness of the recognition was over, she exclaimed:

"Why, Ella, dearest, how happy I am to meet you once again!"

She, in the outburst of her joy, would have clasped to her bosom her newly-found friend. But a painful expression passed over Ella's face. For a moment she stood motionless, as one bewildered, then she pressed her hand on her forehead, as though to collect her scattered thoughts, then, gazing earnestly at Kathleen, she

murmured as though speaking to herself:

"Fitz Maurice, Fitz Maurice; why, yes, I fancy I should remember that name, I have heard it before; but, are you Kathleen, then? I once had a friend of that name, whom I dearly loved."

"And am I more changed than you, Ella? I knew you directly."

Mrs. Darvil made no reply, but sat down on the couch beside her new-found friend. She took one hand of Kathleen's within her own, she looked intently in her face, then she counted on her fingers, "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty years since we met. Let me kiss you now I have met with you again. All the past seems dim, sometimes I feel so confused here;" and she pressed her hand on her forehead as she spoke.

"It is a long time," said Kathleen, "but longer far to look forward to than if we look back. We shall have much to talk about, dear Ella. *You* have married, and have a good and clever son to look after you. Is Mr. Darvil alive?"

This was a very natural question to ask, but Kathleen received a very evasive reply.

"My husband—Oh, I have no husband."

"Ah, he is dead, then; my poor Ella. Have you been unfortunate?"

"Dead, no! I did not say he was dead. But I have Edward with me. You know dear Edward? he is the joy of my existence."

"God has been very good to you, Ella. After the atrocious conduct of Mr. Smith, you were not forsaken. How happy you must be in the possession of such a son."

"He is as good as he is handsome. My first trial was when I

had to send him from me to be educated. For this I worked and toiled, and even turned night into day for several years; but Edward has well repaid my love."

"And your sister and her husband—are they well? What family have they had? She had one charming little boy when I last saw her at Ashleigh Thorpe, he must be somewhere about three-and-twenty now, if he be alive."

"Yes, I was always fond of him, always;" said Ella, abstractedly, rather in the tone of one speaking to herself than replying to an observation.

And Mary, who had stood aside, an eager listener, opened her big blue eyes in astonishment at the random answers, and wondered how Mr. Edward Darvil, with his talent and energy, could endure living alone with his mother; but the next moment came the thought of all that mother had doubtless been to him.

But Kathleen's curiosity was excited, and she inquired again about the family at Ashleigh Thorpe.

"Well, I have not seen Louisa for many years. I went away one day, she did not know where, and I have never heard from her since. Poor Lucy! it would never do at all, she would never have forgiven me; so was it not best to keep away from her altogether?"

"Have you had any severe illness, Ella, since we have been parted from each other, or any great trouble?" asked Kathleen, becoming every moment more and more convinced that her old friend's intellects were lamentably weakened; but the reply of the latter was checked by Mary's exclamation

that Mr. Darvil was at the garden gate.

"And this is Ella's son," thought Kathleen, when the first greeting was over, and for a few moments she regarded him with no small admiration. His fine open countenance, shaded by a mass of rich brown hair, and lighted by a pair of dark hazel eyes, and his regular features, forcibly reminded her of Louisa, as she was when she remembered her twenty-three years since at Ashleigh Thorpe; and it was well for Ella that in the midst of her own troubled life in Dublin she had never heard of the loss of the child.

Then, after the first greeting, Kathleen said—

"I was just asking your mother, Mr. Darvil, in whom I am happy to say I recognize a dear old friend, if she has kept her health all those long years of our separation?"

"As long as I can remember," replied the young man, "she has been delicate; she has worked too hard, in her solicitude for my welfare. Between my labors, as an artist and an author, it is hard, I tell her, if she cannot have perfect rest now. Indeed, I brought her with me to Dublin, because I can see that she does not exert herself."

"She is fortunate, Mr. Darvil, in possessing such a son," said Kathleen.

"She has been one of the best of mothers, and we two are 'alone in the world,' Miss Fitz Maurice," said young Darvil, as we will still call him, almost in a tone of deprecation. "I never knew a father—aye, he died before my birth. I have no relative but her, and"—here the young man paused, and

looked significantly at Ella, who sat with hands folded and a melancholy expression on her still handsome face.

Kathleen and Mary, in their own minds, filled up the speech, thus—"Soon, perhaps, I shall lose her too, if *worse than death does not happen!*"

Then the conversation recurred to Kathleen's past life, and Mary and young Darvil seemed to comprehend that there was a strange similitude in their own fortunes, and when Ella bade them good night, it was an understood thing that the old intimacy was to be renewed, and that they were to be very much together.

For some minutes Mary and her aunt spoke no word, then the former observed—"How very odd it was that Mrs. Darvil would say nothing about her husband!"

"Very," was the laconic reply, "she evidently wanders very much;" but Kathleen thought more than she chose to say to Mary. "How was it about Ella's marriage?" Then she grew angry with herself, and strove to drive away a thought which perplexed and made her uneasy. She, however, buried her suspicions within her own bosom.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISGIVINGS.

THE soft, mellow beams of the setting sun had faded away; one pale line of yellow light alone was visible amidst the clear blue of a cloudless sky; the good people of Dublin, wearied and languid with the unusual heat which prevailed, although the month of September

was far advanced, seemed to have left their homes with common assent, and the banks of the canal, the Phoenix Park, and other places of favorite resort, were thronged with wayfarers.

But in a front room of the upper floor of a respectable house, in one of the quietest streets in the whole city, sits one who has done a hard day's work; but he has no thought of laying it aside, for you see he has evidently made his arrangements for working far into the night. The windows are both wide open, the table at which he sits is covered with papers, a lamp as yet unlighted stands beside him, and on a small side table there is a tray bearing a little bread and butter, with a small decanter of sherry.

He pauses ever and again, as his pen rapidly glides over the paper, to wipe the perspiration from his face, and push back the thick locks that hang over his temples, and then he resumes his task, with a troubled expression on his handsome face.

At the further end of the room, a lady, somewhat beyond the middle age, is seated; her occupation is a very humble one just now; she is mending stockings, it would seem, for there are several pairs in her lap. She examines them very minutely, folds and unfolds them, then rising she goes to the young man, her companion, who makes an effort, if he does not always succeed, to preserve an imperturbable calmness. For the fourth time our old friend Ella has stood beside her adopted son; once it was to give him the startling intelligence that he must purchase some more stockings, for she did not think she could

ever mend the old ones again; then she sat her down and resumed her task, but this time she unfolded those she had previously laid aside as done, and after a narrow scrutiny, she again rose, saying—

“See, my dear boy, I really do not know how you will wear them with any comfort.”

“My dear mother, do not trouble yourself, they will do very well,” was the reply, and there was a something of vexation in the tone of his voice, not apparent to any other ear, had there been another person present, but evident to her.

“I won't trouble you again,” says she, with a weary sigh, and she returns to her work-table, takes up a book, but only reads for a few minutes—lays it aside, walks to the window, peers into the street beneath; but ever restless she turns away and leaves the room, and the pale face of the young man wears an expression of intense relief, and his pen seems to pass more freely over the paper.

Alas, the relief is but for five minutes; Ella re-enters, fills her work-basket with the obnoxious stockings, and seems as if about to leave the room again; but pauses midway, and exclaims—

“I have been darning these old stockings the whole evening, they are not fit to be worn any more. Now, don't be so cross, Edward, because your poor old mother happens to speak to you when you are writing. I'm sure it's not often I interrupt you. Shall I show them to you?”

I verily believe, had the person addressed been a woman, a gush of tears would have washed the paper upon which she wrote—tears

of pity and love for the poor, fond soul whose reason was so obscured, and tears of vexation that she could not bear the cross more patiently, remembering how matchless the love of the offender; but in this case there was an angry exclamation, and the paper over which the weary brain had been poring so studiously was pushed impatiently aside, and the young man started from his seat, exclaiming—

“Each moment is of consequence, mother, and I *cannot* write in the room with you, if you will trouble me about every silly thing that enters your head.”

For one moment Ella looked wrathfully at the son of her adoption, then she moved sadly from the table, and the words—

“Alas, alas! Has it come to this? Have I lived to see the day in which he whom I love so much has turned from me?” Then she sat her down, and buried her face in her thin, white hands, and Edward heard her sob, and saw the tears trickle through her fingers.

Poor young man! he knew not well what he was about, only that he felt sorry for his past impatience; at the same time knowing he should commit it anew, perhaps in less than an hour, for of late his supposed mother had seemed to him to grow very odd, though he began to surmise how the matter would end, and that reason itself was on the wane. Little did he dream how bitterly she whom he so loved and venerated had been his direst enemy; a shadow seemed anyway thrown across his path, and it brought with it such monstrous trouble as to unnerve him, and render him unfit for the exertion which

was necessary for their joint support. However, her tears stabbed him to the heart, and going up to her, he said gently, as though he were some loving girl—

“My dear mother, you must forgive my hasty speech; but you see, if you interrupt me I cannot get on with that long article I am writing for the *Dublin Magazine*. Now, cheer up, and think no more of my hasty words.”

“Oh, Edward! Edward, my boy! Which of us is it that is so sadly changed? I did not mean to interrupt you, but all is confusion here,” she said, raising her hand to her forehead; “I scarcely know sometimes what I am about, and ask myself the question—‘Am I losing my senses outright?’”

“God forbid, mother, dear! you must not harbor such fancies; you must go out more than you do. Miss Fitz Maurice seems a sweet, gentle young lady, her aunt is an ornament to her sex, and an old friend of your own, go and see them often, and invite them here. It will be best to seek the society of others, and not to bury yourself here, as you used to do in London—alone all day, and as good as alone when I come home in the evening—for I cannot write and talk at the same time, and unless I write by night, and catalogue Mr. Arbuthnot’s books by day, where shall we be for rent and food?”

“Very true, my poor boy, very true; though it makes my heart ache to see you work so hard, and I a burden on your hands.”

“You are no burden, my best of mothers; but let us have no more tears. Come, put on your bonnet; I cannot write again to-night, so

we will be like many others, and go and take a walk in the cool of the evening."

Ella hastened to put on her walking garb, and Edward walked up and down the room, looking sadly at the writing-table, and bitterly lamenting the loss of the evening's work. "The night must pay its tribute, now," he said to himself, "when she has gone to bed, I must work, and there will be no interruption."

Have you ever known what it is to have a great sorrow hovering over you? Have you ever watched its progress as, slowly but surely, day by day, it makes its approach, and yet you lack the courage to face it, wilfully closing your eyes to the painful truth, tacitly saying to yourself, "When the evil does come it will be time enough to face it." In some such way Edward acted with himself. An appalling fear had fallen upon him about the time that he was preparing to leave London, and hence the real cause *why* he had taken Ella with him to Ireland. First, he had noticed her loss of memory, by the various stories she would tell him of his father, often contradictory enough then, by a strange abruptness of manner, and the perfectly imbecile conduct she sometimes assumed.

In the midst of his melancholy musings she re-entered the room. His countenance was still sorrowful and anxious. She, poor soul, had forgotten, like some wayward child, her past uneasiness.

"How good of you, Edward, to take me out; a walk will do us both so much good," she said, and drawing her arm within his, they rambled down the quiet street.

"Were it not so late we would call on Miss Fitz Maurice," said Edward; "by the way, were you unmarried, mother, when you first knew her aunt?"

"Yes, O yes; I lost sight of her after *he* deceived me, and never saw her again till the other day."

"*'He deceived you.'* My dearest mother, who are you speaking of?" And, for the first time, a wild suspicion, a terrible fear glanced across his mind.

"I do not remember clearly now, but I *was* cruelly deceived, that is certain. But why do you stare and look so odd? Have I not always loved you as if you were my own son?"

"*'As if I were your son!'* What, in the name of all that is holy, do you mean?" And the countenance of the young man grew absolutely livid as he spoke.

"I did not say such words as those. My own boy. Whose should you be but mine? and I the happiest of mothers in having such a son," looking up into his face with an expression of wondering curiosity.

"You talk very strangely, my dear mother, and make me feel uneasy," he replied. Then they both relapsed into silence during the remainder of their walk, Edward resolving he would call on Kathleen on the morrow, and learn from her all that she knew respecting his mother in the days of their early friendship.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL IN THE DARK.

A FEW days after that evening we have alluded to, on which Ella by her random remarks had so

startled her supposed son, he called on Kathleen, at a time when he knew she would not be likely to be with her.

He had intended to have paid this visit on the following day; but no man is wise enough to know overnight how his time will be employed a few hours later, and a great change was caused by an event which occurred just before he reached the house of his employer; that gentleman having died suddenly, from disease of the heart, which event, it may be remembered, Mary had alluded to in her letter to Canada.

Mr. Arbuthnot had lived quite up to his means, so that not only were Mr. Darvil's services no longer required, but Mary also was dismissed.

His first feelings were those of unmixed regret and grief at the calamity which had happened. It was only a little later that the thought of his own circumstances, and the wreck of the hopes which had brought him to Dublin, rushed upon his mind.

It was now doubly necessary that he should exert himself with his pen; and, devoting all his time uninterruptedly with this end in view, in order to finish an article on which he was engaged, he postponed his visit to Kathleen.

Every day now brought with it some fresh trial, rendered still heavier to bear because it betrayed the rapid loss of reason in an almost idolized mother; and along with this trial came the reflection that Ella had often given him very misty accounts about his father, so that he could not rest without trying by every means in his power to

unfathom what seemed mysterious in her conduct; and with his always expressive countenance bearing the traits of the mental distress he endured, he sought an interview with Kathleen.

"So we have both lost our employment by the sudden death of poor Mr. Arbuthnot," said Mary, "God rest his soul! so suddenly called to its account."

"We can neither of us, unhappily, afford to be unemployed," replied Darvil; "but work may and often does come when we least expect it. I would that I had the goods of this world, Mary Fitz Maurice should have no occasion to work, for all I had to offer should be laid at her feet; but I would not insult her by asking her to share my poverty and sorrow, for indeed, Miss Fitz Maurice," he added, turning to Kathleen, "I have sought you, to beg of you advice and assistance."

"My dear Mr. Darvil, if I can aid the son of an old friend, you have but to ask me; but see, you have frightened Mary away, by those gallant speeches you have made. But now to the point at once, what do you want at my hands?"

"My dear madam, I wish you to tell me all you know of the early life of my beloved mother, up to the time when you left England. I will tell you my reasons. I cannot conceal from myself the terrible consciousness that the calamity of insanity is creeping on, and I am aware that but little stress may be placed on the random words of one whose mind wanders as hers does; but then, in past times, when her intellect appeared to me vigorous enough, she has always seemed to

shun speaking of her past life, or of my—my father.” And here young Darvil hesitated, for a painful sensation, which he could not repress, communicated itself even to his speech.

“Did your mother ever tell you how cruelly she was treated in her early life? That on the very eve of the day appointed for her wedding, she received by an unknown hand a paragraph cut out of a newspaper announcing the marriage of the man to whom she was about to ally herself with a lady of large fortune?”

“No; she has never breathed a word,” said Darvil, and again a terrible suspicion crossed his mind and blanched his cheek.

“Has dear Ella ever mentioned a sister she has living at Ashleigh Thorpe, in Warwickshire? That lady made a prosperous marriage. When last I saw her, it was about two years after her marriage; she had an infant a few months old. If it had lived it must have been very near your age. You have wealthy relatives, Mr. Darvil, in the Forresters, of Ashleigh Thorpe.”

“My dear mother has been singularly reticent as to her relations,” said the young man, “I never remember hearing her speak of these people. But can you tell me, Miss Fitz Maurice, how long a time elapsed after the villany of the man you have mentioned, and my mother’s marriage to my father?”

“I wish I could enlighten you on the subject, dear Mr. Darvil,” said Kathleen, “but I really cannot do so. My dear friend Ella was nursed partly by myself in the attack of brain fever, brought on by the perfidy of the man Smith, to

whom she was engaged. For some time after her recovery she was odd in her ways, and very variable; sometimes depressed to a painful degree, or elated to a pitch of excitement. Still, no one ever thought of putting her under restraint. I went to Dublin, and about the same time she paid a long visit to her sister. We thus lost sight of each other, to my great regret, for I was much attached to her. She never wrote to me, and I never saw or heard of her for twenty-four years, until the happy day that, even forgetting the name of her old friend, she called to pay a visit, as she thought, to a perfect stranger.”

Kathleen here paused, and struck by the perplexed and sad expression on the face of her hearer, she ventured the remark, “Has she ever spoken of your father’s relatives?”

“My mother has told me that my father’s family were all unknown to her; they had settled in Australia, I think she said, long before she became acquainted with him. She once told me that he was the captain of a merchant vessel, and died soon after her marriage; but her replies have always been vague in the extreme. I once asked her had she preserved any souvenir of my dead father? and she returned me an evasive answer. And the remark, the other night, that she loved me as well as *if* I were her own son has given rise to a painful and perplexed train of thought, which I hastened to lay before you, in the hope that you could enlighten me.”

“I would advise you to write at once to Mrs. Forrester,” said Kathleen, “she can no doubt help you in your present inquiry. And now,

Mr. Darvil, have you really cause for fearing that your poor mother is actually going out of her mind?"

"I am confident she is. My worst apprehensions are every day becoming verified; how to act, or what to do, will be questions which I feel certain I shall soon have to ask myself."

"Hope for the best, Mr. Darvil, the bare idea is terrible; yet I am not surprised you entertain it."

"And if the worst should happen, dear Miss Fitz Maurice," and the voice of the young man trembled and grew husky as he spoke, "if the worst should happen, and restraint become unhappily necessary, then will come the question, where to place her; how to set about the terrible business; whence will come the means to prosecute the undertaking?"

"My dear young friend, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,'" said Kathleen. "Yours is a heavy cross, but try and bear it; after all the *worst* may never come."

Darvil shook his head mournfully. "It will come—I know it will," he said, "it has loomed over me for many months, and with each recurring day it assumes a more tangible form. Good bye, dear madam, I shall see you again in a few days."

For some time after the departure of the young man, Kathleen sat with folded hands musing over all she had heard. She often asked herself the question, "Were the words Ella had used—'I love you almost as much as if you were my *own* child'—of any weight, or to be regarded as the result of a dis-tempered imagination?"

(To be continued.)

ANTICIPATION.

WHEN failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE birds observe in the air the signs of the seasons, and it is the privilege of man, enlightened by reason and faith, to read in the events of the present day the anticipated history of future times. What, we may ask, is predicted by the evidences of our age? Reason and faith, the two oracles of humanity, when interrogated sincerely and impartially, assure us that we are in the epoch indicated by St. Paul, writing to Timothy: "Know this, that in the last days we shall come on dangerous times." We have a barbarism veneered with civilization, and an antichristian epidemic is producing a collapse of society, the sure precursor of the immediate dissolution of this material system of the world. When the antichristian empire, foretold by inspired men, is spoken of, some persons smile, and many consider it to be a very doubtful matter. It is treated diversely, in various opinions; as a chimera of alarm; an unforeseen event, quite isolated, not having any connection with intellectual and social facts; a kind of abnormal creation, which will suddenly appear to an astonished world. We say, however, that the reign of Antichrist is a fact not only announced in sacred Scripture, but it has its roots in human nature, and its preparatives in history. In proportion as men resist or yield to diabolical deceit, they have from the beginning of the world been divided into two societies, diametrically contrary in

principles, understanding, and circumstances. They both, however, aspire to a divine exaltation of man; one through a heavenly Mediator, the other directly through its own means. These two societies, or, in Catholic language, these two cities of good and evil, have traversed all ages. Their transit is distinguishable in all epochs of history; their progressive parallelism on earth as well as their eternal destinies are equally proclaimed. The Scriptures speak to us of this antichristian society; the Fathers indicate it by name. St. Augustine especially depicts its features; the apostles have seen its development, and predicted the apogee of its power towards the close of time. Antichristianism not only has its roots in the human heart, it also has its preparations in history. The reign of the Messiah was announced and preceded by a long train of prophets and precursors, commissioned to open the way, and to dispose the minds of men for his reception. It is precisely the same case in regard to the antichristian dominion. Infidels, tyrants, the impious enemies of the Church, have always been looked upon as so many precursors of the son of perdition. Now this antichristian dominion which, since the fall of man, has unceasingly preluded its complete development by innumerable revolts against the divine Mediator; by an apotheosis, both public and private, registered on every page of human annals,

will, near the end of ages, attain its culminating point. All the prognostics will terminate in one great iniquity, viz., the deification of human reason. Then the world will declare its independence of Christ, the Son of man will not find faith; he will be remembered only as an object of insult and persecution. The reign of Antichrist is not at all an undiscernible casualty, but a fact that we can certainly see approaching. To pretend to determine with mathematical exactness the period of that event would be a temerity of which we will not be guilty. But we may inquire, are we nearly approaching it? Is the world now in its decline, and close to its fall? To obtain an answer it will be sufficient to examine the following question: Are the general tendencies of the world Christian or Antichristian? We will adduce general facts known to all, although seldom reflected upon seriously.

Imagination may lead us to a bed of sickness where we see an old man riddled by infirmities. He has frequent convulsions, terrible spasms, a mortal distaste for wholesome diet, a strong appetite for noxious food, and a vicious temper ruining his strength. Without being skilled in medical lore we must say he will not last long. Now let us study the actual condition of the world; look at it, not through a deceitful prism, but with the naked eye of reason; and you will easily recognize the old invalid whose approaching death you forebode. First of all the world is not young; its birthdate will soon give it six thousand years. Historians acknowledge that this long span of life has been already made up by

infancy, youth, and maturity; and philosophers prove this to be the case, by showing that the world has had from time to time the ideas, the habits, which characterize the different stages of life. From the condition of domestic society it has passed to national society; from the limits of nationality it has been led by Christianity to a universal association, the full development and force attainable here below. From this state, in which it lived a long time, it is fast declining. A common faith, which has been its soul, and charity, which has been its frame, are visibly changing, the former into national systems, then into individual opinions; the latter into exclusive patriotism, then into egoism. The decadence so palpable in our day commenced three hundred years ago. Men who cannot be accused of calumniating the present world have broken out of their dreams of progress, exclaiming: "We are on the way of continuous abasement." Now continual abasement is decline; where there is decline, there is a diminution of vitality, consequently for the nations a wasting of Christian truth, the only perfect social life. In order to comprehend this symptom, cast a retrospective glance over Europe; and what is characteristic of Europe is applicable to other nations. At the beginning of the sixteenth century what do we behold? From north to south, from east to west, one sole family of Christian peoples; many children, one father; many flocks, one fold; many laborers, one guiding voice; everywhere the same creed, the same worship, the same law; "One God, one faith, one baptism." Con-

sider now the heritage of the sons of Japhet at the present day. Instead of this majestic unity of peoples, instead of this harmony of hearts, believing, hoping, praying in unison, we hear from all quarters a discordant outcry. The voice of Italy screams irreligion and stupid indifferentism; the voice of Germany boasts of rationalism; the voice of England talks heresy; the voice of Russia proclaims schism; the voice of Spain chatters incredulity; the voice of France extols infidelity, even diabolism; the voice of all peoples utter contempt for Christ and hatred for the ancient and only true worship, the one holy Catholic faith. Passing from nations to individuals, give ear to the millions of strange voices proclaiming thousands of absurd, disjointed, contradictory opinions; the monstrous fruits of corrupted minds, divisions of a division, negations of a negation, ragged shreds of the grand Christian unity, once the glory of society in the day of its maturity. From the religious order this derangement has descended to the political order, everywhere producing distrust and hatred. Distrust of governments towards each other; rulers distrust the people, who in turn distrust the rulers; and each individual distrusts his neighbor. Prince and peasant, statesman and soldier, merchant and mechanic, scholar and artist, each looks on his fellow as a rival or a rogue. This exclusive distrust has produced an isolation so universal and profound that a new word must be invented to designate it. This word, which will remain in modern vocabularies like the name of a novel malady in the latest editions of a

medical dictionary, is the sinister word "INDIVIDUALISM!"

The world which believed only in God and His Church nowadays believes everything. There is not a folly in religion, politics, and philosophy of which it is not persuaded; whilst every error is hailed as perfection, progress, the realization of the beautiful, good, and the true, and every Utopian scheme is maintained at all costs, even of life. We see society, like a dismantled rudderless ship, towed along by impostors, empirics, and charlatans, who abuse the credulity and laugh at the weakness of the age. Deists, materialists, eclectics, pantheists, atheists, rationalists, republicans, constitutionalists, anarchists; in a word, the representatives of the most strange, ridiculous, and unhappy systems erect themselves into masters of what is called in their slang, "Modern Thought."

The docile age swears by its masters, and offers incense to deified iniquity. Be not surprised to find the abandonment of the supernatural, followed by the oppression of the senses. And so it is. Never before was man so bewitched by follies, or bewildered in the fog of material interests as at the present time. He now bends his head to the earth as his new heaven; and there he nails his regards, his hands, and heart. The serf attached to the glebe, the slave at the oar, the convict sweating on the treadmill, are vain comparisons for the torment, the toil, the feverish anxiety of the doting social invalid of the nineteenth century. What does he desire? Exactly that for which placid society screamed when Tiberius and Caligula reigned,

"Panem et Circenses," "bread and pleasure." The meteors floating over the bogs of sensualism, which with grim drollery is named Philosophy, may be comprised in this one line: "Let us eat and drink, to-morrow we shall die." Speak not of honor, devotion, sacrifice of personal interest for sake of God or man; such words are incomprehensible. If they are uttered by the social invalid, it is to make language a disguise for thoughts. Inquire of its actions: generous emotions, chivalrous enthusiasm, nobility, virtue, holy things which formerly moved the heart, are melted down to an ingot of gold. There was a time when it arose like a giant in arms to conquer a sepulchre, because that sepulchre had been the cradle of Christian civilization, which makes man the child of God and heir of heaven. But now religion may be suppressed, the sanctuary defiled, asylums robbed, academies levelled, and all the sources of genuine civilization brought to ruin, without a word of remonstrance; on the contrary, the devastation of Satan is applauded. Yet, if you wish for war to the knife, point out a treaty of commerce to be conquered: the savages of civilization know how to war, only for opium, sugar, tobacco, and whisky. By strange perversion all this is called "The Nineteenth Century Progress."

The loss of faith involves the destruction of peace; and when the social balance is destroyed, an incurable fright seizes on princes and peoples, who with an infallible instinct comprehend that sufficient guarantees for authority or for liberty no longer exist. The right of

the strongest, drawn out of the rubbish of Paganism, has become, under the specious name of sovereignty of the people, the first article of the political creed of unchristianized nations. When the new deity mounted the altar, then commenced between kings and people the era of charters, a species of delusive contracts, stipulating on human word the conditions for imparting authority and rendering obedience. Thenceforward power forfeited every sacred sanction; it no longer comes from heaven, it rises out of the earth; royalty is no longer a divine commission, it is a popular mandate. In the meantime each contracting party makes the most of its own side of the bargain; and believes or pretends that it is injured. The dispute is referred to the tribunal of force, and justice is meted out by the cannon, and sometimes by the gibbet. After the combat wounds are healed; there is a meeting; things begin to take a new start; new constitutions are framed, the old ones are annulled; everybody everywhere swears inviolable fidelity to the new constitution. Delusive promises! Sham, sham, nothing but sham! Like the magnetic needle, which, swerving from the north, is perpetually tossed on its axis, the old invalid, bereft of God, is always uneasy and discontented. The sport of its caprice, it knows not what to desire. In the same way that, in the spiritual order, religions for the last three centuries succeeded one another like leaves on the trees, in the political order, constitutions spring up in abundance, being born only to die. The manufacture of charters and of

laws is like that of cloth and iron.

What is the result of all this painful labor? Notwithstanding so many stipulations and pledges, governments and people were never so insecure; a rupture is always imminent. Never were there so many oaths of fidelity nor so many perjuries; never so much talk about liberty; never was liberty so outrageously violated. Yet, all this anarchy, this enslavement by Utopian schemes, this disloyalty, and sacrilegious treachery, receive the title of "Progress and Emancipation." Count up the revolutions that have tortured the world for the last three hundred years, you will find more occurring in one century than during the whole middle age. Nay more, the middle age never witnessed anything like that which ravaged Europe from Luther to Robespierre. We notice a symptom still more alarming: it is the poison of Paganism which has become the favorite aliment of young and old. During many generations Christian civilization has been exchanged for Gentilism. The prevalent ambition is to bring up children like unto the citizens of Sparta, of Athens, and of Rome. There is no longer mention of the glories of Christianity, nor of the great men whose writings overflow with eloquence, philosophy, and poetry; they are rather looked upon as pigmies alongside of the giants of heathenism; laws, institutions, philosophy, eloquence, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, language, manners, habits, all have a notable tincture of Gentilism. Influenced by sensuality, the arts exhibit an immense scandal in hide-

ous nudities, which made the cities of antiquity so many museums of infernal vice; the abominable vestiges of them make travellers tremble and blush amidst the ruins of Pompeii. This powerful, artful language, produces a cynicism unknown in the middle ages. And this is called "Progress!" The gropings of the Lyceum and Portico, and the innumerable absurdities which make the history of Pagan philosophy a most humiliating page in the annals of the human mind, rule that which is called modern thought. Political science sees nothing but antagonism in the various degrees of society, its chief skill being material centralization and animal enjoyment; and this is "Progress!" The fabric of intellectual poisons is the most active modern industry, and next to thieving the most perfect science of our enlightened epoch. In a year, a month, it may be in a day, more antisocial and immoral doctrines appear than in a century of former ages, owing to the fatal activity of the press, which has betrayed its noble mission. The deadly upas produces its fruits, and the world is abandoned to ruinous habits. The noblest qualities of soul are tainted, the heart is gangrened, the intellect is perverted; and hence a new and peculiar character of evil in our day. At all times there have been errors; but the apology for error, the legal recognition of its privileges, and the glorification of the most monstrous error, viz., "rationalism," are the exclusive property of our age. In like manner there have been crimes in all generations; but crime without remorse, injustice without restitution,

scandal without expiation; a theory of crime and the pride of practical crime are coincident only with modern thought. There is progress indeed, but we tremble for the daily progression of robbery, sacrilege, parricide, infanticide, and all the enormities which in kind and circumstances would make Babylon grow pale. We tremble reading the newspapers, which have become chronicles of iniquity, their large columns being scarcely sufficient to register on each morning the fearful events of the past night.

We are less startled by the names of those iniquities than by the indifference with which they are recounted, the cool calm in their perpetration, and the stolid cynicism of criminals, making their expiation a show to gratify the curiosity of the ferocious mob. Every day develops some new force of depravity; such is the latest and most enormous violation of every law, human and divine, which charges the perpetrator, and the nations who connive at it, with the extinction of principles and conscience: "Insane Suicide." Before the sixteenth century suicide was scarcely heard of in Europe. In a hundred years one single act of this sort would cast consternation over an entire realm; but now, without any public horror or legal commotion, scores are reported within a month; and in a single city 17,000 in the space of ten years, committed indiscriminately by men, by women, and children. The deliberate preparation and the minutest circumstances of the atrocity are spoken of with indifference; nay, oftentimes it is committed to history as if it were something valorous; perhaps a

funeral eulogy is elicited, and flowers decorate the grave of the outcast of heaven and earth. When we reflect that there is not a crime against God and humanity without its theory, its novel, and its heroes, in works of philosophy, of poetry, and romance; in pamphlets, engravings, songs, and journals, as numerous as atoms in the air, and greedily devoured in town and country, we are obliged to consider this abjuration of Christianity an omen of final dissolution. In fact, as far back as we can review history, we find all guilty populations chastised, or preventing the blow by public expiation. Witness the annals of Jerusalem, Athens, Carthage, and Rome. The Pagan world extinguished, its ghost still hovering through its ruins; Israel dispersed to the four winds of heaven, the carcass of a people nailed to the gibbet, are authentic monuments of this inevitable law. It becomes more visible when beheld in the present era, and in the new society born of Christianity. From time to time nations rebel against the Lord and His Christ. Are they obdurate like Greece? Where is now its intellectual, moral, or commercial greatness? The rude arm of the Goth has long since overturned its statuary; the plume of the ferocious Turk has waved on the Areopagus; its schools of philosophy are broken up; its bards no longer delight the listening throng; death has dispersed its popular assemblies. Sometimes vengeance has been averted by solemn humiliations and repentance. The archives of Europe exhibit many examples of such amendments creditable to nations, prov-

inces, and cities. Now, in our age, the world is not only in open revolt against law and religion, but it makes this revolt a system and a duty. The promises and menaces of the Gospel are ridiculed; its authority is denounced as a tyrannical invasion; it is excluded from legislation, education, and from social transactions; and yet, instead of shame or amendment, this depravity is pompously styled, "Liberty," "Rationalism," "Emancipation;" and this world pretends to live a long time in lengthened progress. But if so, what would be the conclusion? Most certainly the victory of evil! It would be a most terrible temptation of faith. It would be a formal negation of the experience of ages; a complete reversion of the order of Providence, and the obliteration of human reason. In such a supposition man would be stronger than God, and

Satan would victoriously win greater prestige for seducing even the elect. The enemy might say to mankind, "During your subjection to Christianity, you had to submit to trials; you were obliged to national expiation for national crimes; but now that you have committed the greatest misdeed by dishonoring and ignoring Christianity, you march on from progress to progress in the happy aspiration for lengthened perfection. Justly then did I say, 'Break the fetters of Christianity, and you become gods.'" Behold the bill of indemnity, and complete encouragement for national iniquity. Thus, either logic, experience, and faith are at fault, or the world is at the verge of frightful ruin, because it has with unprecedented audacity shaken off the yoke of mediatorial salvation.

P. E. M.

IMPOSSIBLE HAPPINESS.

A DREAM.

THE broad, green summer leaves were fanning pleasantly my brow,
Beside the casement rose entwined, above the streamlet's flow;
The morning sun was shining, and soft floating on the air
A matin strain of music rose—the solemn voice of prayer.
The retrospections vague and dim of care and sorrow fled,
No shadows cast, for peace divine a lasting influence shed;
The happy dead I mourned no more—the living loved were true—
And never more were we to part, or breathe the word "adieu!"
I raised a hand unto my brow by summer leaves thus fanned—
No feverish, throbbing pulse replied unto that cool, white hand;
Discordant memories all were merged in that sweet matin song,
For dear familiar voices led the holy choral throng.
A cloudless sky, serenely blue—life's cloudless summer day—
Was opened to my earnest gaze, seraphic in array;
For earth reflected Heaven, and Heaven's glory shone on high—
To live was full content—and yet 'twas full content to die!

THE NUNS OF LANHEARNE.

"If every moment thy heart be wandering,
Even in solitude thou wilt find no purity;
And though wealth, rank, fields, and merchan-
dise be thine,
If thy heart be with God, thou art still a hermit."
Sadi.

"Where may I seek the rest I find not here?"

WITH reverence I gazed on a packet of faded flowers the other day, over which I indulged in the rare luxury of tears. I had sent these flowers, years ago, in a letter to a beloved being (since fallen asleep in Jesus), and she had treasured them; and on her departure they came into my possession again. On the little packet was written, "Gathered on St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall." St. Michael's Mount,—on the pinnacle of which the Archangel Michael first descended to earth, it is said: and rich is that Mount in legendary lore and historic tradition. The Benedictine chapel yet crowns the summit, and the soft, sweet tones of the pealing organ are heard far off over the sea; holy and soothing is the dying fall of the Vesper hymn, like incense floating across the waste of waters; and in that chapel of the Mount has been heard the sob of contrition, the *De profundis* of the spirit, coming from the innermost caverns of the hollow, sorrow-worn breast; and the song of thanksgiving—the *Te Deum*—springing blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs.

There is a fragrance in the prayers and ancient liturgies of the Church which seems to wind upwards in balmy clouds; mere modern prayers have no wings—they

creep with us on our own low sphere—they soar not with us to the empyreal: they warm us not—we feel not among saints and angels. Cold forms—cold prayers—are as green wood placed on the altar; but oh! for the perfumed cedar of the olden forms and primitive types; the richly-emblazoned cross—the worthy decorations and ceremonials of His house—which blaze forth in splendor and rise gloriously upwards.

But it is of faded flowers I would whisper,—or rather, of the associations connected with them—so vividly renewed as tears wash the faint inscription; yes, they were gathered on a summer day from St. Michael's Mount; they were fresh and blooming, and I, too, was different *then*. I had not known the extremity of suffering; I had not looked on death, I had not attained some fearful knowledge which suffering imparts. And so, when I review all that has happened since these flowers were fresh, another scene in old Cornwall strongly presents itself to my mind; *then*, indeed, I could not comprehend much that is clear to me now; yet even then the impression was deep—lasting—and full of peace and blessedness.

I always loved cloisters, and the solemn religious subdued light of large old churches, always open; and in another land, in earliest youth, my happiest hours were passed in such solitudes. But it is of a convent in our own country that I am thinking; I wish not to

combat with prejudice, nor to express or refute any party opinions, but merely to dwell on some recollections, as to what I then saw and heard, and now recall most earnestly.

Oft-times, when overtaxed—overwearied—in this cruel world, my soul has yearned towards the Vale of Mawgan, in which is situated the old house of Lanhearne, a convent of Carmelite nuns, of the strictest order extant. So *very* strict, that most folks turn in affright from the description of what they term “living death:” and, surely, to the idle and frivolous, to the thoughtless—to those engrossed with the cares of this life—to all such the description of Lanhearne and its inmates may well appear terrible. And I can only imagine peculiar circumstances, or peculiar conditions of religious faith, welcoming such a mode of existence.

To me it presents no terror; and I can well imagine those peculiar circumstances in individual career which would render Lanhearne a welcome refuge—a haven from the storm—where, secure from human molestation, the weary and heavy-laden find rest for their souls. But that an apprenticeship is necessary before the human mind is prepared to receive the unearthly impressions of Lanhearne without inner shrinking is certain. It may be an apprenticeship of bitterness and disappointment; it may be that sad description of loneliness—loneliness of heart amid crowded pathways of daily life; it may be desolation and bereavement; it may be as a domestic nun, or “one who walks by moonlight,” as a quaint old writer says; or it may be a pe-

culiar reticence of disposition, combined with a proud, shy, and sensitive nature, and intensely passionate affections, on which the blight has fallen; or it may be—and God grant it often is—simply a love of Him, and a wish to commune with Him in solitude.

But of whatsoever kind the apprenticeship may be, a childishness in all matters of religious faith is also needed—a simple, undeviating belief in God’s precious promises—a realization of Him in all things; and this not on the lips, but deep, deep in the innermost heart,—influencing every action—controlling every impulse.

One who has “walked by moonlight” for years—who has the fatal gift of looking beneath the surface, and reading the bare, dismal truth of human nature in all its hideous deformity,—one who has learnt the lesson of perfect forgiveness, and is at peace with all mankind—one who has searched the Scriptures, and searched the traditions of the Church—one who loves the stars, and the flowers of the earth, and the whispering trees, and the musical waters, and can find comfort in them because they tell of Him—such a one might well contemplate a refuge at Lanhearne without repugnance.

But human hearts are not to be laid open for the inspection of the curious and profane; God knows we hope to meet our lost and loved hereafter,—and parted here, to be known *there*: and even the unearthly nuns of Lanhearne must have some such yearnings—such hopes—such felicitations,—although dead to earth and all earthly troubles.

There is a solemn tranquillity and mysteriousness about the secluded vale of Mawgan. There, the slightest noise—scarce noticeable elsewhere—is audible; the gentlest rustle of the distant leaves—the sighing winds from the uplands.

There is no wayside cross now to be seen—no emblem to remind the pilgrim of good and holy thoughts; but still a prayer may be piously whispered in this green oratory of nature, where the convent-bell swings to and fro—music travelling on the winds—solemn and deep, speaking to heaven, as to earth, and scattering abroad its grand, clear sounds of command and persuasion.

The Arcadian peacefulness—the running stream, swift and crystal-line—the hermit-like beauty of the scenery—all conspire to interest; and the luxuriant wood-foliage, the most luxuriant in usually bare Cornwall, sheltering cottage-gardens and the ancient house alike, scarce permits a peep of the high land that leads to the sea, so thick is the natural screen above; while the daintiest mosses, the most graceful ferns, and long waving grass beneath, shut closely in the vale of Mawgan from the open country around.

The house of Lanhearne is divided into a very ancient and a more modern portion; the ancient building dating back before the Conquest, and the modern about a century and a half ago. It formerly belonged to the Arundels, an old Cornish race; but about the year 1700 that race became extinct, and the property passed into the possession of the present Lords Arundel. Hence, down to the

present time, it has never had a Protestant owner, and whatever religious traditions are connected with Lanhearne, they are Catholic traditions.

At the commencement of this century, Lanhearne was given to the Carmelite nuns, who now inhabit it, by Lord Arundel. They were originally settled on the Continent, but when Continental affairs assumed a threatening aspect, and the first French Revolution broke out, these nuns fled, and sought the asylum they now occupy. Their order is preserved with a severity of discipline which is probably without parallel elsewhere (in Europe, at least), and it is in the rural English village of Mawgan that the austerities of a Carmelite convent are most vigilantly practiced. They never quit the convent, and no human being ever sees them in it; females, even, are not admitted to visit them under any pretext whatever; and the domestic servants, who have been employed for years, have never beheld them. In cases of illness, when their own doctoring fails to aid, then a medical man is called in, but the patient's face is carefully concealed.

The nuns occupy the modern part of the house of Lanhearne, which is entirely built off from the old part. They have a large garden—of course surrounded by high walls,—and their food and other necessaries are conveyed to them through a turning door,—all communication from without being carried on through the medium of lay sisters. These nuns have a private passage—known only to themselves—to the chapel choir, which is in

the form of a gallery, grated and curtained.

The chapel is in the ancient part of the house, and the officiating priest lives here also, and leads a life of perfect solitude, never seeing the face of one of the nuns. Strangers are admitted to see the chapel, and those who wish it can attend Divine service; but no visitor is permitted to pass beyond the pillars which support the gallery of the choir. There are some pictures in the chapel by old masters, but the most valuable objects devoted to the Lord's service are not shown: such as sacred vestments and sacramental plate, which is of extraordinary richness and worth, one of the jewelled chalices alone having been valued at £1000.

The convent of Lanhearne has been enriched by gifts of land in the neighborhood, and valuable bequests; and the nuns make good use of their riches. Neither their austerity nor seclusion from the world have diminished their ready sympathy for affliction, or their pleasure in ministering to the wants of the poor. Their aid is ever ready, and none apply to them in vain, be their distress what it may. No houseless wanderer ever rings at their gate without receiving relief of bread and alms, to help on the weary way. Nor does the charity of the sisterhood of Mawgan stop short here; theirs is the true charity of the purified human heart, living close to God; for they extend most generous sympathy to human weakness—the weakness which they have surmounted, but not forgotten. For they know how strong are the ties which bind together the beings of this world,

and they mercifully urge a further probation when one comes to them for the purpose of taking the veil. Their Christian charity and sisterly love is indeed sincere; but if the novice still adheres to her first resolution, with time to search her own motives thoroughly, and to ponder on all she is abandoning—then, indeed, we may imagine with what holy joy the sisters of Lanhearne receive their new sister, destined to Heaven's service, when the gates of Lanhearne close on all that is mortal of her forever.

The cemetery is in a portion of the convent garden; a shady place, overgrown with long grass. Elaborately carved stone crosses mark the nuns' resting-places; but secrecy still veils from human observation the history of the dead: for the saint's name assumed by the nun, and the short but most beautiful supplication of the Catholic Church for the repose of the soul of the departed, are the only inscriptions that appear.

This is all; all of the lives—all of the deaths of the nuns of Lanhearne that we can know: the remainder must be all conjecture. We can draw the stern outline, but who may venture to fill up the picture? It is not for those imbued with worldly impulses and desires, who are bound to earth by the strong ties of affection, or who simply are grovellers on earth (as most are) to presume to judge those so utterly separated from the common motives of humanity. They are not of the world; they have given up the world, and devoted themselves to Heaven; therefore Heaven alone may justify or condemn.

And while we are toiling and striving, and inheriting anxiety and disappointment in the world, the nuns of Lanhearne, inclosed in their massy walls, rise day after day,—summer, winter, spring, and autumn—to the same monotony of action. Our thoughts must end here in vacancy; our fancy must not carry us further. We pass through phases of life in which nothing is abiding, nothing satisfactory, and we seek heavenly repose in earthly monotony, and so do the nuns of Lanhearne—if we dare compare the monotony of praise, and prayer, and alms-deeds, and penitential exercises, to that monotony of soul which defies description, when the Christian halts betwixt two opinions, striving to

serve two masters, God and Mammon.

Can we fancy an angel, with radiant, spotless wings, passing along a highway, and perchance splashed with the foul mire of the streets? Would the mud sully—would it rest there? Even so it appears to me, when a heartless denizen of the world presumes to name the holy nuns of Lanhearne in the same breath with the current and frivolous topics of the day: topics of scandal, of amusement, of newspaper medium.

Those sisters pray for *all*: they pray for you—they pray for me; in the Vale of Mawgan there are heartfelt prayers ascending for *us*. Remember this.

W.

THE FOOL OF LABOUDIE.

SOME people are all hand and some all heart. The first do and the others feel. The one is always at work—laboring, creating, producing; the other spends his life in deploring the miseries of humanity, its sufferings, its wrongs; but there he stops. The same in private life: a man of hand supports his family, gives them good beef and mutton, dresses them well, and proves that he loves them by making them happy; the man of heart feels intensely if they are sick, has tears for the slightest ill that happens, deplores their want of luxuries and necessities, sits by his chimney-corner and talks, but does nothing; proving, after all, that

he loves but himself. He is the most amiable man in the world, a general favorite in society, an outwardly affectionate father and husband; but his children are half-starved, and his wife goes about in an old gown, which the man of hand's wife would give away to some beggar, to whom it would be useful and welcome. Not that we object to heart; far from it. A man cannot have too much feeling if he allies with it the head to conceive and the hand to execute. A man wholly without heart is a monster; and the great defect of Napoleon's character was, that with a mighty head and stupendous hand he had scarce-

ly any heart. It is the union of hand and heart, with a head to guide both, which makes a man a useful member of society.

Ernest Delavigne was the only child of a widow. His father had been a superior farmer, of considerable property, and had died, leaving the land to his wife and son. But Ernest, though fond of the country, aspired to be something better than the peasantry around him. He lived in a locality where ignorance prevailed over knowledge; where bad roads and impenetrable bogs retarded the progress of civilization; and where the people were in that happy state of ignorance which prevailed over most parts of Europe some two hundred years ago: where agriculture caused twice the labor and gave half the returns which it afforded to the more enlightened; and where few but the clergy had ever yet attempted to penetrate the crust of barbarism which generally prevailed. Ernest had been educated at a town-school, and when a young man, completed his education at a provincial college. Though acquiring all the general knowledge which was conveyed by the professors, he devoted himself particularly to chemistry, as applied to agriculture, and to the formation of new aratorial instruments. He returned home at twenty-one full of magnificent projects. He would effect a revolution in the land; he would open a course of lectures; he would teach them the advantages of all the new instruments of draining, of manuring; and above all, he would effect a complete alteration in the dwellings—close, dirty, unwholesome, and comfort-

less now. Admirable and praiseworthy notion was that of Ernest Delavigne. We shall see how he carried it out.

Ernest had, as he thought, a very plain way before him. He set up as a lecturer, with the honest design of instructing his less intelligent neighbors. Unfortunately, however, nobody went to his lectures; and all his solicitations met with a polite but peremptory rebuff. The people, in fact, liked their own way best, and would believe nothing to the contrary on mere hearsay. He was generally spoken of as a fool for his pretensions—the “Fool of Laboudie.”

The manner in which Ernest was treated at length induced him to abandon all attempts at reformation, and he betook himself to Paris a somewhat wiser man. Experience had cooled his ardor for improving mankind. Arrived in Paris, he took up his lodging in the *quartier* Latin, and went to see M. Benoit, a notary in high repute with the old aristocracy, who confided to him the management of their pecuniary affairs, with a confidence and security which spoke volumes for his honesty and honorable character. He received M. Ernest kindly, listened to what he had to say patiently, and then gave him advice. He approved of his selecting medicine as a profession, and promised, if it pleased him, to introduce him into good society, that the intervals of time between his studies might be well spent. Ernest accepted gladly, and at once began the study of his new profession. It suited his character, his feeling for suffering humanity, to be the healer of the sick; and the prospect of

associating as a student with the upper classes of society was pleasant and agreeable. He went to public lectures; he read hard; and in the evenings he visited one or two *salons*, which were freely opened to him on the recommendation of M. Benoit.

He found this way of passing his time vastly agreeable. He liked the conversation of ladies; for they, as he abstained from politics, sympathized with his views, approved of his humanitarian principles, and proved always an attentive audience. One evening he was speaking of his old and favorite topic—the introduction of agricultural improvements into the country—when a young girl joined in the debate.

“Oh, monsieur,” she cried, warmly, “I am happy to meet with some one of my way of thinking. I lived in a country district which is very much behind the age, and I am deeply anxious to see these improvements adopted.”

Ernest was delighted, and after a few minutes he addressed his whole conversation to Mademoiselle Louise de Redonté. He found her, to his astonishment, learned in all farming details, though a year younger than himself; aware of more improvements in machinery than he had ever known of; and deeply conversant with all that was necessary to the comfort and well-being of both men and animals employed in agriculture. Before the end of the evening Ernest was in love. A French novelist would tell us that he had met his destiny. At all events, he considered himself fortunate to have fallen in with so charming a person, who joined to great beauty and accomplishment

a taste for his favorite subjects of thought and talk.

Ernest and Louise met continually, and each day they renewed their intimacy. They talked together, they danced together, and before the end of three months the young man scarcely missed an evening at the house of Madame de Lastange, where she resided when in town. People at last began to insinuate to the old lady, that the friendship of the young people was rather warmer than should properly exist between a student in medicine and a rich heiress. A few days after this Ernest missed Mademoiselle Louise de Redonté from the evenings of Madame de Lastange, who, without the least change in her manner towards him, informed him that she was gone to the country to her uncle, where, indeed, she spent the greater part of the year. She was a kind-hearted woman, and by this separation simply wished to spare both the pain which she thought must ensue if their affections became engaged. Ernest felt very dull: the charm of the soirées was gone. He did not cease to go, however, because it was probable that he might again see her there, but his visits became less frequent, and thus the season ended.

During the long summer months that ensued, Ernest continued the study of his profession. He wrote to his mother that he should not come that year to the country, because his disgust at his neighbors was so great he could not bear to meet with them. Besides, he wished to continue his studies, which would suffer by interruption. But he did not now devote himself to his books

with half the same zest with which he had begun. His thoughts were far away in that country region, wherever it was, where Louise resided, and he thought the summer never would end. To distract his attention he varied his reading, added novels, poetry, and history to his scientific books; and thus, with many a yawn, and many a longing, and many a weary hour, the time passed, and when the *salon* of Madame de Lastange again opened, Ernest presented himself the very first evening.

Louise de Redonté was there, more lovely than ever; and she welcomed the young man, as he eagerly advanced to greet her, with a smile which filled him with rapture. Madame de Lastange looked on in some alarm. Louise was in mourning: she had lost her uncle nearly six months, and she was rich in the extreme. She was surrounded at once by a perfect host of suitors, but she gave encouragement to none. Ernest still continued her favorite companion, to the great annoyance of the mass of young men about town, who would have been delighted to have given her their name, and to have spent her hundred thousand francs of annual income. Still no one looked upon the intimacy of Louise and Ernest as anything likely to end seriously. The crowds of suitors who filled the *salons* of Madame de Lastange supposed that the young lady was a clever person, and showed a preference for the conversation of the medical student—an individual she could not marry—simply that she might look round unobserved and unsuspected, and choose for herself.

"My dear Louise," said her friend one day to her, "how much longer do you mean to keep the men in suspense? There are more than a dozen dying for love"—

"Of my château and cash," replied Louise, laughing; "but I am quite sure I shall see them all as rosy as ever next season."

"Do you not, then, mean to select your future husband before you again bury yourself in your gloomy castle?" said Madame de Lastange in an alarmed tone.

"My dear madame, I am rich, I am young, I have time and independence. I shall not choose a husband until I have found a lover whose affection is real, and whom I myself can like."

Madame de Lastange mentioned several of her suitors with high praise, but Louise shook her head, and found fault with all.

"I have no patience with you," cried the good lady. "You encourage that young student so much, that you have no time to judge the merits of others. I have a great mind to close my door against him."

"My dear De Lastange," replied Louise, gravely, "if you cease to receive my *protégé*, you will make my evenings very dull. I shall run to the country a month sooner."

Madame de Lastange sighed, and turned away, but she studiously avoided letting Ernest notice her annoyance; still, when the friends were together she looked annoyed, and almost began to agree with those who supposed Louise to have some secret object in encouraging the medical student.

"Where do you intend settling

on the completion of your studies?" said Louise one evening.

"In Paris, or some other large town," replied Ernest.

"In town! I thought you preferred country life," continued she, as if somewhat disappointed.

"I did once, but I have changed my mind. I originally intended devoting myself to agriculture; but now I have a profession, I prefer living in cities."

"But why?"

"In the first place, to live in the country I should require a wife; but I despair of finding one suited to me," replied Ernest, unaffectedly.

"But what kind of a wife would you like?" asked Louise, looking at him curiously.

"May I tell you?" said he, timidly, looking up at her like a child looking at his mother when asking a favor. Of course he was allowed to speak his mind; and, need we add, there was in almost no time a thorough mutual understanding. Mademoiselle was a Frenchwoman, and, as such, was not burdened with diffidence.

Next evening it was generally known that Ernest Delavigne and Louise de Redonté were affianced, to the great consternation of all fortune-hunters, and the great joy of all those who sympathized with truthful feeling and sincere affection. But the *salons* of Madame de Lastange were no longer crowded: the host of interested suitors vanished.

"Do you know," said Louise one evening, as they were talking of the future, "that I mean to make a regular patriarch of you? I have determined to introduce among all my farmers and their neighbors the

latest improvements, and to give them the benefit of all the agricultural discoveries of England and France."

"It is useless making such attempts," replied Ernest, gravely; "you will but lose your temper and your time."

"Monsieur! Why you are as bad as the fool of Laboudie."

"Hah!" said Ernest, turning very pale.

"Why," continued the merry girl, without noticing his uneasiness, "you must know that my castle is close to Laboudie. My uncle was the Count de Plouvieres."

"Oh!" replied Ernest.

"Well, there came from a neighboring town, some two years back, a young man belonging to our place, who had studied agriculture, and who desired, it appears, to reform the neighborhood. Instead of introducing the change himself, however, he tried to persuade others to do so; told the ignorant farmers of what they might do, but did not attempt to demonstrate his theories. People naturally enough laughed at his lectures—his disquisitions especially; as I am told he had land himself, and never thought of trying the sensible experiment of showing his neighbors by practice the advantages he believed, but did not know to exist. Such well-meaning men are worse than useless: they stand more in the way of real progress than the most obstinate devotee of antiquity; they are mere sentimental, and not practical reformers. But why so gloomy, Ernest? Surely I have not offended you? I see you are a little unwell. Good-night. Go home to bed, and tell your old *conciierge* to make you

some *tisane*. It will soon be my office to take care of monsieur when he thinks proper to be ill."

Ernest took her proffered hand, shook it even more heartily than usual, and went away. It was early: just before midnight, and as the other guests were about to depart, the *bonne* of Madame de Lastange gave a letter to Louise, who alone, in a little boudoir where she had retired, at once opened and read it.

"I write not in anger, but with deep sorrow. I love you too much to expose you to a life of misery. You have expressed too much contempt for persons of my character not to be very unhappy when you know me better. You will doubtless find, however, one worthy of you. I shall seek, after that severe but just lesson which I have now received, to win your esteem now that your love is impossible. Remember me kindly, if it be only because I have sufficient sense left to save you in time from everlasting unhappiness. This night, at eleven, I start for home."

"What have I done?" cried Louise. "Poor Ernest! how generous, how noble, how good! Poor fellow! how those thoughtless, bitter words must have gone to his heart. I must stop him. But no: he is gone. Well, I must wait until to-morrow. What a night he will pass travelling! How cruel he must think me!" And away she hurried to bed, as if by so doing the morrow would sooner come.

Meanwhile Ernest, whose mind had been enlarged and elevated by more extended studies, went away on his road home, subdued, dejected, and yet not wholly cast

down. He saw distinctly the truth of all that Louise had said; he perceived where his own errors lay, and determined to profit by the lesson. He arrived at home after a long journey, calm, serious, and full of strong conviction of his own former pride, which made his present humility all the more pleasing. His mother was delighted to see him; and when he declared his intention of devoting himself in future to the farm, she was doubly pleased. He took up his former quarters, and then, after a day's rest, started for a long walk to recruit his body, somewhat enervated by study and town life. He followed the high road which led to the Château de Plouvrières, along which were several small farms, and one or two very extensive ones. He walked along, his eyes fixed on the ground, in deep meditation, until he was suddenly aroused by a loud voice.

"Hollo there! Monsieur Ernest, I want to speak with you," said the very old farmer whom he had first made an attempt upon nearly two years before.

"What is it?" replied young Delavigne, raising his head a little haughtily; "what can you have to say to the Fool of Laboudie?"

"Sir!" cried the other, as they approached each other; "I beg your pardon, and we all beg your pardon. But do you not see we did not understand your fine talk? and we could not believe what we didn't see. But then Mademoiselle Louise, our guardian angel, had just finished her model-farm, and there she had all the improvements of which you told us. Well, when we saw that really there were better

ways than we knew of, you see we agreed to try, and I've bought a new plough—here it is—and it's a little out of order, and it's just to ask your advice about mending it that I called you."

"With pleasure," said Ernest, who had listened to the other's words with deep interest. "Oh, it's nothing: a couple of nails and a screw is all that's wanted."

Half an hour later the defect was remedied, and the two were at breakfast together. The old man said that if Ernest would now open his lectures they would be well attended of an evening; and if confined to descriptions referring to things the farmers began to understand, would continue so. The young man replied that he would make himself acquainted with what had been done, and would deliver his first lecture on the following Tuesday. Next day Ernest visited the model-farm of the Château de Plouvrières. He found a considerable tract of land under cultivation. The farmers and their families felt and saw the great benefits which lay within their grasp, and, as their patrons gave them facilities for paying for all new instruments by instalments, few refused to avail themselves of the opportunity. On fête days and holidays the whole neighborhood came to the model-farm, to amuse themselves by looking around; and a change, he said, was already perceptible. One house which had been burnt down close by had been rebuilt upon new principles with regard to comfort and cleanliness, and all were anxious to follow the example.

Ernest was more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the practi-

cal course adopted by the Count de Plouvrières and Louise de Redonté. He saw clearly that if we would induce men to believe in our precepts, we must practice them ourselves; and that one example is worth a hundred expositions. He went away filled with admiration at the nobility of character, the sound sense and wisdom of the young reformer, and with his heart doubly imbued with love for the beautiful girl. He prepared his lecture in his mind during the whole three days which intervened, and when the hour came, entered the barn amid loud applause. The place was full. The whole neighborhood, male and female was there. Everybody understood now that the object of Ernest Delavigne had been good; and all blamed themselves for not comprehending him, though in reality the fault was with him, who had not understood the right way to proceed.

He began. In eloquent words, with deep and strong feeling, he drew a picture of Laboudie before and after the return of Louise from England: he compared in a humorous way the different line pursued by the young lady and the Fool of Laboudie: he acknowledged her means to be greater, but also allowed that he might have made his own land the model-farm by industriously devoting himself to the very course of improvement which he recommended: he called down the blessings of heaven on the lovely patroness of the locality, hardly able to restrain tears as he spoke, and then opened with his subject. He used simple and plain language: he spoke of things which all began to understand, and was

listened to with deep interest and respectful attention. When he sat down the barn almost seemed about to fall, so violently did they shake it with their bravos and clapping of hands. But it was late, and most had a long way to go; so the assemblage dispersed, after receiving gratefully the promise of a continuation that day week.

But one person lingered behind, and stood within the barn when all had left it save Ernest and his mother. They had reached the door before they made the discovery.

"Mademoiselle la Comtesse," said Madame Delavigne respectfully.

"Ernest!" replied she, holding out her hand.

"Louise!" exclaimed he, for he saw in the smile which accompanied the offer of her hand that she was unchanged.

"And so monsieur runs away, and I must run after him!" said Louise, taking his arm. "What think you, madame," she continued: "your son a month ago asked me to marry him; I consented, and a week ago he ran away, declaring he would not have me. Am I not very good to come and fetch him?"

"Louise! Louise!" cried Ernest passionately; "I did not think you could marry the Fool of Laboudiè."

"My dear friend, my speech of the other evening only shows how wrong people are to judge from appearances. I had only heard a description of you under that name from an old servant, whose gossips I have been sufficiently punished for retailing."

"But, my son," cried the amazed mother, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"My dear madame, that we are to be married, according to previous agreement, to-morrow three weeks," said Louise, taking her hand; "and that my husband is about to complete the work which I have so imperfectly begun."

The whole affair was the most off-hand thing imaginable. The marriage of these two clever people—each clever in a particular way, the very difference of character being useful—created little surprise. Ernest had learned that mere personal sympathy with the ignorance or misery of our fellow-creatures is of little use, if we do not raise our hands and arms to do something; and that the true friends of humanity are those who do their utmost to diffuse knowledge, to widen the circle of man's utility, and who by example and practice lead the march of civilization. Every man may thus do his part in the great work of human progress. All that is wanted is the will to be useful. Ernest and Louise de Lavigne were a blessing to the whole country round. Smiling meadows, neat houses, productive fields, healthy peasantry, the absence of any glaring cases of poverty, considerable elevation of mind, above that which is the ordinary lot of the agricultural laborers, are the practical results of this happy disposition of mind, which makes the richest propriétaire of Laboudiè consider all around him as his children, to whom he owes a fair share of his time and thoughts. They are intensely beloved, and there are many yet unborn who will yet live to bless the pleasing union in Ernest and Louise of the hand and the heart.

'DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

WHEN we hear that so many persons are struck by lightning in the course of a year, we are apt to regard the danger from lightning as greater than it really is; and thus the feelings of awe and terror which many experience during the progress of a thunderstorm are too often increased. In reality, the danger to which we are exposed during such storms is far from great, more especially in towns. It is well that this should be known, because the effects produced on persons of nervous temperament by the vivid flashes of lightning and the resounding peals of thunder, are sufficiently painful, without that additional and even more distressing terror which the apprehension of real danger commonly produces. Instances have been known of death being occasioned by the dread which a thunderstorm has excited, when the seat of danger was in reality several miles away.

There are, however, persons, not otherwise wanting in courage, who experience an oppressive sense of terror—apart from the fear of danger—when electrical phenomena are in progress. The Emperor Augustus used to suffer the most distressing emotions when a thunderstorm was in progress; and he was in the habit of retiring to a low vaulted chamber underground, under the mistaken notion that lightning never penetrates far below the earth's surface. Major Vokes, the Irish police-officer—a man whose daring was proverbial—used to be prostrated by terror during a thun-

derstorm. We cannot doubt that, in these instances, nervous effects are produced which are wholly distinct from the fear engendered by the simple consciousness of danger.

We have said that the danger is small when a thunderstorm is in progress. If we consider the number of persons exposed during a year, to the effects of lightning-storms raging in their immediate neighborhood, and compare with that number the small number of recorded deaths, we shall see that the *probability* of being struck by lightning is very small indeed. The danger we are exposed to in travelling along the most carefully regulated railway, is many times greater than that to which, under ordinary circumstances, we are exposed when a thunderstorm is raging around us. Yet, in cases of this sort, men do not reason according to the doctrine of chances—nor, indeed, is it desirable that they should. There are measures of precaution which, small though the danger may be, it is well to adopt. In a railway carriage, it would be foolish to let the mind dwell upon the danger to which we are in reality exposed, since we can do nothing towards diminishing it. But it would be as unreasonable to neglect precautions in the presence of a heavy thunderstorm, merely because the danger of being struck is small, as it would be to neglect the rules which regulate powder-stores, merely because the instances in which fires have been caused by carrying cigar-lights in the coat-

pocket, or by wearing iron on the sole of the boot, are few and far between.

We have mentioned one precautionary measure adopted by the ancients. The notion that lightning does not penetrate the earth to any considerable depth, was in ancient times a widespread one. It is still prevalent in China and Japan. The emperors of Japan, according to Kämpfer, retire during thunderstorms into a grotto, over which a cistern of water has been placed. The water may be designed to extinguish fire produced by the lightning; but more probably it is intended as an additional protection from electrical effects. Water is so excellent a conductor of electricity, that, under certain circumstances, a sheet of water affords almost complete protection to whatever may be below; but this does not prevent fish from being killed by lightning, as Arago has pointed out. In the year 1670, lightning fell on the lake of Kirnitz, and killed all the fish in it, so that the inhabitants of the neighborhood were enabled to fill twenty-eight carts with the dead fish found floating on the surface of the lake.

Another remarkable opinion of the ancients was the belief that the skins of seals or of snakes afford protection against lightning. The Emperor Augustus, before mentioned, used to wear seal-skin dresses, under the impression that he derived safety from them. Seal-skin tents were also used by the Romans as a refuge for timid persons during severe thunderstorms.

The notion has long been prevalent that metallic articles should not be worn during a thunderstorm.

There can be no doubt that large metallic masses, on or near the person, attract danger. Arago cites a very noteworthy instance of this. On the 21st July, 1819, while a thunderstorm was in progress, there were assembled twenty prisoners in the great hall of Biberach Jail. Amongst them stood their chief, who had been condemned to death, and was chained by the waist. A heavy stroke of lightning fell on the prison, and the chief was killed, while his companions escaped.

It is not quite so clear that small metallic articles are sources of danger. The fact, that when persons have been struck, the metallic portions of their attire have been in every case affected by the lightning, affords only a presumption on this point, since it does not follow that these metallic articles have actually attracted the lightning-stroke. Instances in which a metallic object has been struck, while the wearer has escaped, are more to the point, though some will be apt to recognize here a protecting agency rather than the reverse. It is related by Kundmann that a stroke of lightning once struck and *fused* a brass bodkin worn by a young girl to fasten her hair, and that she was not even burned. A lady (Arago tells us) had a bracelet fused from her wrist without suffering any injury. And we frequently see in the newspapers accounts of similar escapes. If it is conceded that in these instances the metal has attracted the lightning, it will, of course, be abundantly clear that it is preferable to remove from the person all metallic objects, such as watches, chains, bracelets, and rings, when a thunderstorm is in

progress. If, on the other hand, it is thought that the lightning, which would in any case have fallen towards a person, has been attracted by the metal he has worn, so as to leave him uninjured, the contrary view must be adopted.

Franklin recommends persons who are in houses not protected by lightning-conductors, to avoid the neighborhood of the fire-place; for the soot within the chimney forms a good conductor of electricity, and lightning has frequently been known to enter a house by the chimney. He also recommends that we should avoid metals, gildings, and mirrors. The safest place, he tells us, is in the middle of a room, unless a chandelier be suspended there.

His next rule is not a very useful one. He recommends that we should avoid contact with the walls or the floor, and points out how this is to be done. We may place ourselves in a hammock suspended by silken cords; or, in the not unlikely absence of such a hammock, we should place ourselves on glass or pitch. Failing these, we may adopt the plan of placing ourselves on several mattresses heaped up in the centre of the room. We do not think that such precautions as these are likely to be commonly adopted during a thunderstorm, nor does it seem necessary or desirable that they should be. We have not even the assurance that they greatly diminish the danger.

That glass is a protection from lightning is an opinion which has been, and perhaps still is, very prevalent; yet there have been many instances tending to prove

the contrary. In September, 1780, Mr. Adair was struck to the ground by lightning, which killed two servants who were standing near him. The glass of the window had not only offered no effective resistance to the lightning, but had been completely pulverized by it, the framework of the window remaining uninjured.

It seems to have been established that if a thunderstorm is in progress, a building is in more danger of being struck when many persons are crowded within it, than when few are present. This points to the danger of the course sometimes followed by the inmates of a house during a thunderstorm. They appear to think that there is safety in society, and crowd into one or two rooms, that they may try, by conversation and mutual encouragement, to shake off the feeling of danger which oppresses them. They are in reality adding, and that sensibly, to any danger there may be. "There is," says Arago, "a source of danger where large assemblages of men or animals are present, in the ascending currents of vapor caused by their perspiration." Like water, moist air is a good conductor of electricity, and lightning is attracted in the same way—though not, of course, to the same extent, by an ascending column of vapor, as by a regular lightning-conductor. It is on this account, probably, that flocks of sheep are so frequently struck, and so many of them killed by a single stroke. Barns containing grain which has been housed before it is quite dry are more commonly struck by lightning than other buildings, the ascending column of moist air

being probably the attracting cause in this case, as in the former. When we are overtaken by a thunderstorm in the open air, precaution is more necessary than within a house. It is well to know, especially when no shelter is near, what is the most prudent course to adopt.

It has been stated that there is danger in running against the wind during a thunderstorm, and that it is better to walk with than against the wind. One should even, it is said, if the wind is very high, run with the wind. The *rationale* of these rules seems to be this: a current of air is produced when we run against the wind, the air on the side turned *from* the wind being rarer than the surrounding air. A man so running "leaves a space behind him in which the air is, comparatively speaking, rarefied!" Lightning would be more likely to seek such a space for its track than a region in which the air is more dense. An instance is recorded in which, during a gale, lightning actually left a conductor which passed from the mast of a ship to her windward side, in order to traverse the space of rarefied air on the ship's larboard side!

It is quite certain that trees are very likely to be struck by lightning, and, therefore, that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to stand under trees in a storm. No consideration of shelter should induce any one to adopt so dangerous a course. The danger, in fact, is very much greater when heavy rain is falling, since the tree, loaded with moisture, becomes an efficient lightning-conductor. For similar reasons, it is dangerous to

seek the shelter of a lofty building (not protected by a lightning-conductor) in a thunderstorm. One of the most terrible catastrophes known in the history of thunderstorms occurred to a crowd of persons who stood in the porch of a village church waiting till a thunder-shower should have passed away.

In the open air, when a heavy thunderstorm is progressing, and no shelter near, the best course is to place one's self at a moderate distance from some tall trees. Franklin considered a distance of about fifteen or twenty feet the best. Henley also considered five or six yards a suitable distance in the case of a single tree. But when the tree is lofty, a somewhat greater distance is preferable.

The reader need hardly be reminded, perhaps, that the necessity for taking these precautions only exists when the storm is really raging close at hand. When the interval which elapses between the lightning-flash and the thunder-peal is such as to show that the storm is in reality many miles away, it is altogether unnecessary to take precautions of any sort, however brilliant the flash may be, or however loud the peal. It must be noticed, however, that a storm often travels very rapidly. If the interval of time between the lightning and the thunder is observed to diminish markedly, so that the storm is found to be rapidly approaching the observer's station, the same precautions should at once be taken as though the storm were raging immediately around him. So soon as the interval begins to grow longer, it may be inferred that the

storm has passed its point of nearest approach, and is receding. But the laws according to which thunderstorms travel are as yet very little understood; and it is unsafe to assume that because the interval between flash and peal has begun to increase after having diminished, the storm is therefore *certainly* passing away. It must be in the experience of all who have noted

the circumstances of thunderstorms, that when a storm is in the neighborhood of the observer, the interval between the flash and the thunder-peal will often increase and diminish alternately several times in succession. It is only when the interval has become considerable, that the danger may be assumed to have passed away.

MY SPIRIT'S HOME.

WHERE is the home my spirit seeks,
 Amid this world of sin and care,
 Where even joy of sorrow speaks,
 And Death is lurking everywhere?
 Oh! not amid its fading bowers
 My wearied soul can find repose,
 For serpents lurk beneath its flowers,
 And thorns surround its fairest rose.

The home of earth is not for me;
 Far off my spirit's dwelling lies;
 The eye of faith alone can see
 Its pearly gates beyond the skies;
 The ear of faith alone can hear
 The music of its ceaseless song,
 As nearer with each passing year
 Its angel-chorus rolls along.

There is the home my spirit seeks,
 Above the fadeless stars on high!
 Where not a note of discord breaks
 The silver chain of harmony;
 Where light without a shadow lies,
 And joy can speak without a tear,
 And Death alone—the tyrant—dies:
 The home my spirit seeks is *there!*

THE CROSS

VIA CRUCIS—VIA LUCIS

“The Holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die.”—WOTTON.

It is known to all that the Cross was anciently used for the punishment of criminals under the Roman jurisprudence. To this instrument—formed of an upright and transverse beam—felons were nailed alive, and then left to perish in excruciating agony. Such was the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews!

“They took Jesus, and led Him forth. And bearing His own cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but, in Hebrew, Golgotha, where they crucified Him, and with Him two others, one on each side, and Jesus in the midst.” (John 16.)

Although the substance of the Cross was of some description of wood, the particular species, whether ash, cedar, fir, or pine, that furnished the material, is an open question.

Owing to the continual quivering of the aspen, some have fancifully imagined that it has the best claim to the distinction. An anonymous writer declares that:

“The Cross, on which our meek Redeemer bowed
His head,
Was formed of aspen wood:
And of that fatal hour, through all its race,
This tree has kept a thrilling consciousness,
Making the branches tremulous.”

Be this as it may, according to Millington's translation of Didron's “Christ-Icon,” there is an old tradition that, after Adam's demise,

Seth planted on his father's grave a shoot from the Tree of Life, that grew in the terrestrial paradise. From this sprung up three shoots, united in a single root; hence, according to the same tradition, was gathered the marvellous wand wherewith Moses wrought his miracles in the astonished sight of both Egyptians and Israelites.

The trunk of the aforementioned tree was cut at a later period, in order that it might serve as a column in King Solomon's palace, but not suiting, it was made to answer the purpose of a bridge over a torrent. Despite its usefulness as a ford, it is said in the same fanciful story, that the Queen of Sheba declined to avail herself of it, alleging that it would one day be a cause of ruin to the Jews.

By order of David's son, it is next alleged, the predestined beam was thrown into the Pool of Bethesda; in consequence, healing virtues were communicated to the pool's waters. Lastly, the legend states that the gibbet of Christ's Cross was made out of that same eventful tree.

Although we have not seen it, we hear that a work has been recently published on “Prechristian Crosses.” In the Old Testament may be noticed the potent influence of a crucial sign on one memorial occasion. According to

Ezekiel's prophetic vision, the Hebrew alphabet's cruciform letter "Thau" was the signet of salvation, when an angel was seen to slay all who had not that privileged mark on their foreheads in the city of Jerusalem.

The sign of the Cross is marked in various ways by nature's hand in flowers and trees; it has also been remarked how in flight birds of the air extend their wings in the form of the Cross.*

From pictured representations in the Roman catacombs, it appears that the primitive Christians prayed with extended arms. Nay, in almost every action of their daily lives the Cross had a part, according to Tertullian. Death itself they encountered in a crucial attitude.

It is narrated that a similar posture was assumed by the patriarch Benedict, the ninth Louis of France, and the third Henry of England, when they paid nature's debt.

In the year 79 of the Christian era, the fair city of Pompeii was overwhelmed and buried in ashes. After the lapse of centuries, in an excavated house or shop has been found a panel marked with a Latin cross.

A well-known portent suggested a search for the Redeemer's true cross. The historian Eusebius relates the now familiar story how, on the eve of a battle, between Constantine and Maxentius, the former beheld in the heavens a luminous cross, surrounded with this inscription, "In this sign thou shalt conquer."

Believing this omen to be a pre-sage of success, Constantine ordered his banner to be made cruciform, and beneath this new imperial standard—termed the Labarum—he led his legions to combat and to victory.

The signal triumph of the Cross awakened a long dormant interest about the original. To the Holy Land of Palestine the Empress Helena went on an expedition of inquiry. Her search was not in vain, and three crosses were discovered together on the exact spot which tradition pointed to as that where the True Cross lay buried.

The saintly bishop, Macarius, suggested that, in succession, the crosses should be applied to a sick person, who was restored to health at the touch of the third cross.

Relying on this proof, the Empress enshrined on the spot a part of the sacred treasure. Another portion was sent to her son, Constantine, who deposited it in the Sessorian Basilica, in Rome, now called St. Groce in Gerusalemme.

At a later period, S. Helena's portion was carried off by the Persian monarch, Chosroes. It was, however, rescued from the grasp of the infidels, by the Emperor Heraclius, and brought back triumphantly to Jerusalem. The memory of this event is kept on the 14th of September, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Multiplied and varied in material and shape are copies of the Cross. At the introduction of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons, we are told that a silver cross was a prominent feature in the first procession of the Roman missionary. They displayed it before

* Holland's "Cruciana."

King Ethelbert and his Pagan courtiers. Gradually, as the Catholic faith advanced, in fields, market-places, and other open air temples, a stone, or wooden Cross, was the chief object of attraction; and on the Lord's day, especially before the churches had been built in smaller districts, believers were wont to gather for instruction and prayer around the Gospel Cross.

As churches, abbeys, and monasteries increased throughout the land, emblems of the Cross were also multiplied. The plan of the churches was usually cruciform in design. A cross was marked, or worn on the back or shoulder of every pilgrim to Palestine. Some fervent crusaders had the crucial sign cut into their very flesh. A practice vouched for by the poet Spencer's declaration :

"And on his breast a bloodie cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord;
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead or living, ever Him adored."

After braving for a thousand years, the battle and the breeze, England's Catholic flag by iconoclasts was lowered to the dust. However, the red cross of St. George, which Great Britain still unfurls on her union standard, together with the crosses of St. Patrick and St. Andrew, are memorials of the old faith of England, and still traces its origin to a deep faith in the infinite efficacy of Christ's blood-shedding.

To honor the discovery of a lost fragment of the "True Cross" encased in gold, the German Empress, Eleanor, instituted an order for the female sex, about two centuries ago. The members of it were styled, "Ladies of the Cross."

On Good Friday, in all Catholic churches, we have the adoration or blessing of the Cross. Catholics are reproached for the terms "adoration" and "worship" in their acts of homage to the Cross, yet the meaning of "adoration" is, to apply to the mouth (*ad os*), in other words, to kiss in token of veneration. As for the term "worship," near the tree of Mambre, Abraham worshipped his angel guests, and adored to the ground! Moses worshipped his kinsman Zethro. King David was worshipped by the prophet Nathan, and others. At the dedication of the Temple, it is said that "the people fell down and worshipped God and the king." Judith, of Bethulia, paid homage even to the infidel Holofernes.

"At St. Peter's feet, the centurion, Cornelius, fell and adored."

In sacred history, these and other creature "adorations" are recorded without blame. Our good friends who find fault with us should look homeward, and explain how it is a Protestant who aspires to rank in chivalry, kneels before his sovereign, and kisses the sword wherewith he is knighted, while the Lords of Parliament bow before the sovereign's empty throne.

In token of their oath's veracity, in a law court, witnesses kiss the New Testament. If such homage be decorous in those who honor the Bible, may not Catholics show equal veneration to the crucifix, which they also honor as representing Christ's altar of atonement—the Gospel's abridgment—and summary of the whole Bible?

In short, be it remembered that the once vile stigma of slavery—the Cross—is now the noblest badge

of honor among the free! It waves in the breeze on the flag of navies, and is unfurled on the standard of armies; as a jewel it is suspended from the neck of beauty, and as a reward it is affixed on the breast of merit. It shines as a gem in the diadem of kings, and it is emblazoned as a device of honor on the

shield of those of noblest birth; and though, as heretofore, a scandal to the Jew, and a folly to the Gentile; yet, among Christians, even those who are prejudiced, the ever venerable form of the Cross is esteemed as the hallowed symbol of Him who redeemed the world!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION. By Rev. Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1872. Received from Peter Cunningham.

Father Müller is already favorably known to the Catholic reading public by his excellent treatises: *The Holy Eucharist*; *Our Greatest Treasure*; and *Prayer, The Key of Salvation*. In his latest work he steps into the secular arena, bringing with him all his powers, to bear on the most vital question of the day, education, and seldom has the Catholic side of the subject had an abler champion. Solidity, rather than profundity, is the distinguishing feature of all the writings of this zealous Redemptionist, and it is just this that gives them their greatest merit, that of presenting the soundest arguments in a style suited to general comprehension. Thus all the great spiritual truths of his devotional works are inculcated with a diction eminently parabolic, which he uses with equally telling effect in proving the godlessness of our public school system, from the evidences of facts daily present to our eyes of its corrupting influence. Every tree is known by its fruit; and the fruits of *this tree of knowledge* are poisoning all who eat of them. No prurient sentimentality has deterred Father Müller from expressing plain truths, in plain language. On this point we quote his own words:

“Let it not be said that in calling pub-

lic attention to these evil consequences on the female portion of the community, we are overstepping the boundaries of propriety or decency. There is a license for the poet, a license for the stage, a license for the bar, a license for the writer of fiction, a license for the press, and why should there not be a license for a Christian writer? It is high time for *true* modesty to take the place of that *false modesty* which has driven virtue, like an exile, out of the land and peopled it largely with Fourierites, Owenites, and other socialists and free lovers.”

Startling as are the developments given in this book of the work which our public school system is doing, we believe them to be rather underestimated than overstated; indeed, it needs no book to tell us what our own eyes can plainly see. But lest there should be any Catholic parents so obtuse as not to heed either ocular demonstration, the anathemas of pontiffs, or the warnings of the clergy and Catholic journalists thundered, time and again, at their unimpressible heads or stubborn hearts, let them, as a final duty, take up this book, ponder its contents and believe them, with the certainty that they can be infallibly proved. It is not long since, that a prominent United States senator, well known to every Pennsylvanian, at least by reputation, for *his shrewdness*, while traveling in the cars with a distinguished

Catholic clergyman of this city, entered into a conversation with him, on the progress of Catholicity, as exhibited by the number and splendor of its churches. "Sir!" said the senator: "You may build your churches, and found your institutions, as many of them as you please, but all in vain, *for so long as we have control of your children we have all the advantage.*"

Let Catholics ponder on this, let them remember, in the language of St. Paul, that faith and good works without charity are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, and that the charity which would send a child to a school where its mental cultivation (!) can only be gained at the risk of its soul's salvation, is the kind of charity which should have a millstone put around its neck and be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Father Müller does not, however, write altogether on the offensive; his objections, to quote his own words, are *solely against the system*, not against public education, providing it be a *Christian* education, the necessity, excellence, and advantages of which he strongly depicts; pointing out, at the same time, the remedies against the present pagan schools, which are nothing else, even by the soundest Protestant testimony, than *houses of public corruption for both sexes*.

No more valuable or timely book could have been issued from the press, and we hope to see it spread, read, and its warnings heeded, throughout the United States.

WILD FLOWERS OF WISCONSIN. Milwaukee: Catholic News Co. 1872.

This is a neat little volume of poems by B. T. Dorward, Corresponding Member of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The author, in his laudable enthusiasm for everything pertaining to his Western home, forgets in his eagerness to gainsay the popular adage: "*Civilization comes from the East*," that this is only another way of stating what his own book proves, that: "*Westward the star of empire takes its way.*" One of its most brilliant beams, progress in intellectual culture, has gilded his own path through the forest wilds, and rendered "the sunshine of home" a living reality

to him, else he never had portrayed its charms in such radiant verse. It is a special satisfaction to us, as Catholics, to learn that this first volume of poems ever published in Wisconsin has been inspired by, the source of all true inspiration, Faith. The author is certainly a poet of no mean capacity; his principal characteristics as a writer being brilliancy and vigor. The book puts forth its many excellent claims so modestly that it seems almost out of place to criticize the few faults, almost unavoidable in such a work, but we cannot help thinking that most of the poems possess a certain *aimlessness* of thought for which their other merits do not adequately compensate. There are a few instances of careless or coarse metaphor, and the style at times is too pretentious, as in Cantos IV and V of *Christina*, which are but crude imitations of Dante's *Inferno* and *Paradiso*. A notable example, however, of the opposite merit is to be found in one of the stanzas of the old legend, *The Two Ravens*, where in allusion to the murderers of the hermit is said with exquisite simplicity:

"To spill his blood for doubtful gold—
Surely their mothers never kissed
Their brows in youth, nor fathers told
Good tales on Christmas nights, I wist!"

Faith, The Laborer, To a Bird in Church, Super Flumina Babylonis, The Living Spring, and last though by no means least in our estimation, *The Soul's Cross*, are the gems of the volume, which is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and appropriately dedicated to Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee.

HORNEHURST RECTORY. By Sister Mary Francis Clare. Two volumes in one. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1872. Received from Peter Cunningham.

To conceal controversy beneath the charms of fiction has ever been a favorite method of *insinuating* doctrine, where its plain truths might prove less acceptable. Catholic literature is by no means deficient in books devoted to this purpose, but when we announce a novel, from the pen of the now world-renowned "Nun of Kenmare," though it be a confessedly controversial tale, we think that curiosity to see what kind of a novel a nun can

write would alone prompt to its perusal, even if the "nun" were not the gifted Miss Cusack.

The versatility of this lady's literary talents is now fully proven; she is as much at home in writing fiction as in history or biography, and Hornehurst Rectory is a gem of its class. The authoress has been most successful in the attainment of her purpose of exhibiting, in a true light, the hollowness of the "Evangelical," "Broad Church," and other popular religious "systems." She particularly develops the weakness of the Ritualistic movement, in its efforts to carry on its so-called conventual establishment, in one of which the authoress herself was "a sister" before her conversion to Catholicity.

She then paints in strong but delicately shaded colors the beauties of the one true faith; contrasting with the failure of the denominational systems its power to alone touch the heart and satisfy the cravings of the soul, for those best and perfect gifts "coming down from the Father of lights." The pathos of the book is simple yet most touching, while the humor with which it is so finely blended, is always refined and inoffensive, though the significant names of some of the characters would be more appropriate to a satire than in a standard novel. It is decidedly "a tale of the times," and it is perhaps not too much to say that it approaches nearer to the immortal *Comedy of Convocation* than any work of its kind that has yet appeared. The bold and handsome type, heavy tinted paper, and neat style of binding, indicate that the publishers have done their part towards giving it a permanent and prominent place in our libraries.

1. THE ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY, Ray's Series. By Selim H. Peabody, M.A.
2. THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE. By R. T. Brown, M.D.
3. THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Sidney A. Norton, A.M. Cincinnati, Ohio: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

We have received the above-named School Books, belonging to the "Eclectic Series" of Messrs. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., of Cincinnati, and after careful examination have no hesitation in pro-

nouncing them a creditable addition to the educational literature of the country.

Ray's Astronomy is particularly noticeable for its illustrations, taken from telescopic views, many of which have never before appeared in text-books. These are executed in excellent style, and are scattered through the work in unusual number. Although the work is intended for a higher class of students, yet the author has not presumed on their intelligence further than an acquaintance with the "simplest principles of geometry and algebra, and the plainest facts of mechanics and physics. The rest he has endeavored to supply as needed."

Brown's Physiology and Hygiene seems to be a popular and well-written and accurate work, on a subject of vital importance, which, strange to say, has until recently received but little attention either in the school-room or family. Some time ago, in noticing a similar work, we expressed our opinion of the necessity of Physiology and Hygiene becoming a distinct study in our colleges and schools.

By cultivating a more thorough acquaintance with the laws by which the human body is governed, the effects of their violation and disregard would be less visible, and the instances of premature death less frequent among students. We are glad, therefore, to see that an interest has been awakened in this subject, and that an effort is being made to popularize the study by such admirable works as the one before us.

We regret that our limited space prevents our giving these books a more extended notice at the present time. The publishers deserve much credit for the handsome and substantial style in which they have been issued, the paper, typography, illustrations, and binding being well adapted to their purpose.

We have received from Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York, the advance sheets of the two large Railroad Maps, and Exercises thereon, and the ten Reference Maps of the United States, which will be added to the new edition of Colton's Common School Geography, announced to be ready in August.

